

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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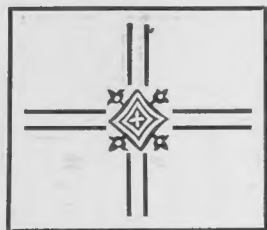


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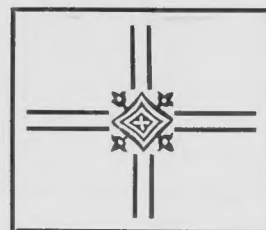
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The Western Home Monthly

Published Monthly
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No. 1

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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A Chat with Our Readers

January, February and March are the three busiest months of the whole year for us. This is because about 75 per cent of our subscriptions fall due in the winter and it is customary for us to write and send a subscription blank to some thirty thousand subscribers during that short time. Some of our readers are considerate enough to remit without being asked, and we feel sure that if it was generally realized how much expense and trouble this kind action actually saves us, many others would do likewise. Most people would be very much surprised to know what a very complicated business is that of a publishing house. Take the editorial department, for instance. The necessary number of stories, and articles, and photographs, and drawings of just the right kind do not assemble themselves as if by magic and then marshal themselves off to the printer, where, after a proper interval, they reappear, amiably and compactly arranged into a magazine. No, indeed, the proceed is a much longer and more painful one. Every story has to be directed on its journey through innumerable hands, each one of which has to change it or add to it in some way. The chosen story from several hundred others, it goes from manuscript reader to artist; back again for editing; then, joined by its illustrations, now in the form of cuts, up to the composing room to be set into type; down again for reading and re-reading to be sure no errors have survived; to the platemakers to be made into plates, and, finally, to the presses themselves. And even this tells only half the story, since supporting it all are the ideas and energies and enthusiasms of numberless people. The next time you get your magazine, this January one, for instance, just stop a minute and think that dozens of people spent three months, not merely a few days, in getting it ready for you. And, constantly, the process gets longer as The Western Home Monthly gets better and bigger.



Contentment.

I was exceedingly pleased when you did not stop sending my favorite paper. It is always a welcome visitor.—Mrs. T. Axdal, Wynyard, Sask.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to The Western Home Monthly. It is a most interesting journal.—Mrs. T. Scragg, Blucher, Sask.

We would not like to be without The Western Home Monthly.—Mrs. Jas. H. McDonald, Little Woody, Sask.

The Western Home Monthly is the best paper I know. I always look with pleasure for its arrival.—Mrs. Fairbank, Edmonton, Alta.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for renewal to The Western Home Monthly. We would not want to do without The Western Home Monthly. We have taken it for seven or eight years and it seems like one of the family. Wishing you success for the coming year.—E. E. Smith, Eye Hill, Alta.

Your Mother Learned from Hard Experience

She had to work out every household problem herself. There were no available sources of information which met her needs—it meant a great deal of money and a great deal of time to have instruction in even the little that was then known of Domestic Science.

The Western Home Monthly has changed all this for you and your daughter. Changed it so that the woman in the home, the one who is the real maker of a better race, may have every possible help. Homemaking to-day is the greatest privilege a woman may have even in this age of great privileges to woman. In no other field is her influence so strong, her power so far reaching, as from the centre of a happy, well ordered home.

But it takes time, and so that the home woman may have this time, time taken from the drudgery of housework, to grow herself and to help others grow and broaden, we are going to frequently publish articles dealing with these important problems which will comprise a thorough, efficient and above all practical course of instruction in the seven important home activities. Really seven complete correspondence courses in drudgeless, wasteless housekeeping. Every word will be authoritative, every formula tested, for we have secured the most famous authorities in the country to direct the courses. Their intimate, personal talks to you are part of our 1917 plans for the readers of The Western Home Monthly.



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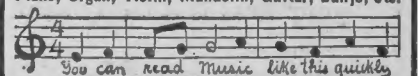
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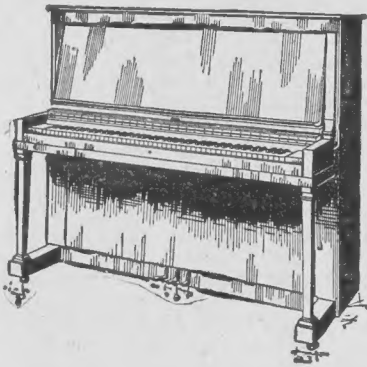
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Dancing an Essential Feature in Physical Training

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

AH, how little do the lad and lass who trip together the light fantastic realize the real true benefit they do to the human joints, muscles and other tissues. The form divine is seen at its best in rhythmic sway and agile grace, the source of which is that necessary lubricant, motion.

From the earliest antiquity the dance has been of universal practice among all peoples of the earth, both savage and civilized, and it has been made to express all the emotions which the mind is capable of feeling. Among the gymnastic exercises of the Greeks, who were the most perfect embodiments of health and beauty the world has ever seen, dancing held a prominent position.

Physical training teachers have long felt that even the combination of gymnastics and athletic sports left much to be desired in the carriage and movements of the body, so classic and aesthetic dancing, which stands between the two, more closely allied to gymnastics in its movements and to games in its spirit,

In attaining grace of motion, the thing to avoid is short, angular, jerky movements, and to learn to do everything, even the most difficult exercises, with the least expenditure of power and energy. This implies considerable muscular strength and great muscular endurance and control. As soon as the dancer loses her balance or poise, holds one arm too straight and bends the other one at too sharp an angle, or puts too much stress on this movement and too little on that, or makes too much effort, the harmony is lost and gracefulness is not attained.

Modern gymnasium and out-of-door dancing conforms more completely with the requirements of good exercise than ball-room dancing, because the trunk, arms and legs are brought more generally into action. While the exercises of the feet and calves are not so intense or so concentrated as in ballet dancing, the range and the extent of the movement are much greater. Not only are the shoulder, back and chest muscles



Lithe of limb, and full of grace,
Charming as to form and face.
Happy as the day is long,
Life to them is one sweet song.

They care not for the wind nor snow
As eyes a-sparkle and face aglow
They go about as merrily
As snow birds in a tree.

was introduced as an additional gymnastic exercise, to harmonize the movements of the body, and to produce an ease of manner with a grace of beauty and of motion.

There is, of course, a decided distinction between the modern gymnastic dancing and society dancing. In the latter, the waltz and the two-step always require a partner. The dancing is ordinarily confined to the ball-room, but in recent years out-of-door floors and platforms for that purpose have been much advocated. Even smooth streets, cement highways and boulevards are now used for this splendid physical exercise in up-to-date cities.

For the gymnasium dancing there must be, first of all, the loose dress and heel-less slippers, and an abundant supply of fresh air at a proper temperature, while the foot grips the floor as tenaciously as in boxing or fencing; a smooth floor renders an artistic execution impossible. The floor should be rough or covered with canvas, when dancing becomes as good a developer of the heart and lungs as running or swimming.

Aesthetic dancing can be kept up for an hour with very few rests or pauses if you are in good physical condition. The work done in one hour is about equivalent to a walk of ten miles.

considerably developed by the free use of the arms, but so many of the muscles of the lower part of the back, abdomen and thighs are used that greater respiratory power is acquired to sustain the extended action; hence, the chest-walls are expanded by the effort, and the abandonment of the corset during dancing gives the utmost freedom to all respiratory movements.

Aesthetic dancing raises and develops the chest, lengthens the waist and reduces the circumference; the hips are reduced in size, the thighs and calves are enlarged, while the ankles are made smaller and the insteps are raised and given a higher arch. Properly applied and directed, dancing exercises are many times a cure for flat-foot.

From such dancers as Helen Moller and Marion Morgan come varied explanations of the classic dances. These ingenious and graceful young women have evolved systems that really build muscle while you are dancing from your own inspirations. According to Miss Moller, free and graceful movements are equally impossible when there is a great emaciation or excessive fat. In persons having sound organs and who lead a normal existence either of these conditions will disappear under the influence of dancing as it ought to be.

The Friends of 1916

A Notable Gathering

The Feeble-Minded

Moral Degenerates

The Church a Working Force

The Peace Proposal

Militarism

The Passing Year

WHILE there is no special virtue in the first day of a new calendar year, there is, talk as we may, something of solemnity about the passing of another year of our era and the birth of a new one. To every individual of us it must bring some thought of the value of time and the swiftness of its passing. Who of us is free from self-reproach for time wasted? We can always have time enough if we use it rightly. For the future it should be the aim of every reader of this magazine to have a right appointment of time, which means a well ordered life. This, in no small way, will add to our success and happiness during the year 1917.

Examine your skin closely tonight!



Whatever is keeping you from having the charm of "a skin you love to touch"—it can be changed.



TOO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases, and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good. But who of us does not have to face every day—when we least dream of it—eyes that are bent on us in critical inspection?

Really see your skin

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin *closely*. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in. Look for tiny rough places that make your skin appear scaly when you powder, for conspicuous nose pores, for excessively oily skin and shiny nose. Perhaps your skin is tender and sensitive, sallow and colorless, or unduly tanned.

Whatever condition you find, *it can be changed*. Make the following Woodbury treatment a daily habit and it will gradually but surely bring to your skin—as it has to thousands of others—that clearness, freshness and *charm* you long for.

Use this treatment once a day

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Your skin changes every day

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

Use persistently—the charm will come to stay

It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently*, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this

famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today.

Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing for greater attractiveness that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write today for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love

to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today and begin to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin.

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From Among the Shadows

By H. Mortimer Batten

NO longer were the people of Long Valley a free people, for many years ago their tribe—a mere handful of men and women—had been conquered and crushed by a neighboring tribe, the Moon Hill tribe, of which White Owl was the leader. White Owl was a mere despot, using his power and influence to crush those who were weaker than he, and each spring and autumn the braves of Long Valley were compelled to pay to him an indemnity, amounting to many beaver and musquash skins, much dried fish and caribou meat, and a large number of bows and arrows. Peacefully and promptly they paid, knowing that refusal would mean the annihilation of their tribe, for they were a crushed and conquered people. Thus the people of Long Valley hungered and toiled, while their neighbors at Moon Hill ate, slept and were merry.

But one winter it came to the knowledge of White Owl that a young brave of the Long Valley teepees was becoming a mighty hunter. He was strong as a panther and swift as a deer, and the tales of his skill were spreading far and wide. It was even whispered to White Owl that this young brave was training a new tribe of warriors to fight for their freedom—that ere many snows were passed White Owl himself would again be at war with the people of Long Valley—at war with his own slaves, among whom at last, had risen one braver than the rest. The name of this young brave was Keelatee.

The evil mind of White Owl perceived the danger, and one winter's morning a messenger from the Great Chief arrived at the teepees of Long Valley with a message for Keelatee. When the young Indian stepped forward, a magnificent specimen of humanity, the messenger told them that the Great Chief had heard of the skill of this young warrior, and wished to decorate him. "Keelatee is to go alone to the Great Chief," he said. "He is to take with him a big sled, drawn by many dogs, that he may bring back certain presents for himself and the tribe. I have spoken."

Never before, since their bondage began, had there been such rejoicing among the people of Long Valley. Were they at last to be a free people, with Keelatee as their leader? The great sled was got ready, and gorgeously decorated for the occasion, that Keelatee might travel in state. The finest dogs the tribe could muster were arrayed in the most gorgeous harness, and Keelatee himself was bedecked in the wealth of the teepees. Then with many blessings from the old squaws, he was sent out on his mission of honor.

But Keelatee thought more of fine limbs than fine clothes. Ninety miles he had to travel by the most treacherous waterways, and never before, since the history of that region began, had the journey been made in such short time. He arrived at the teepees many hours before the messenger, who had started the day before him, and who was travelling light across country. But what was most wonderful of all was the fact that Keelatee was neither weary nor footsore, and such was his skill as

a driver that his dogs stood upright in their harness ready for the return journey, even without resting.

When Keelatee arrived the people of Moon Hill, surprised at seeing him so soon, asked him when he had started. When he told them, the news spread from teepee to teepee, old squaws and little children thronged at their doorways to see the mighty young warrior, and to exchange his silent salutation. Keelatee walked through the village with head proudly erect, looking the mighty young brave he was, his gorgeous clothing spangled over with crystals of ice, indicating the speed at which he had travelled. So magnificent was his manhood, so fine his features, so fearless his eyes, that all who looked upon him knew that here was a warrior any Indian would be proud to follow.

Straight to the teepee of the Great Chief Keelatee went, and here White Owl was waiting to receive him in state. The Great Chief greeted him as he might have greeted a brother, and first Keelatee laid on the wolf mats the gifts he had brought—trophies of the chase which the young warrior had won with his own hands. There was a magnificent beaver skin, a marvel of size and texture, a priceless fox skin, and a wonderful necklace made up from the fangs of a panther intersert with porcupine quills. The latter Keelatee fastened round the Chief's neck with his own hands—O shameless White Owl!

"I have heard of your fame as a great hunter, Keelatee," he said, "and I have now no doubt as to your greatness. It is well that one who is a born hunter and a leader of men should rise occasionally in the midst of your tribe, which is hardly a tribe of great warriors." The slight was delicately delivered, and Keelatee was so carried away at awaking to find himself famous that he did not heed it. "Therefore," the Chief went on, "I have sent for you that I may decorate you with the honors of a great warrior, hoping that the event will inspire your people to rise from the low position to which they have fallen."

"I myself will inspire them, Great Chief," replied Keelatee proudly. "All they want is a leader. The men of our tribe are as brave and strong as any between the wide waters. Given the wisdom of leadership they will do wonderful things for themselves and for their Chief—White Owl."

"That is good," White Owl answered. "You have confidence in your people, young warrior. You have strength, skill and wisdom. But even with these things you are but a slave, unable to rise, unless your master bids you do so. I, Keelatee, am your master. By the strength of my arms, by my superior woodcraft, by my skill, I have conquered your people. Very well. You may become a chief, but at all times I shall be your chief. Remember that. I have spoken."

"I will remember, Great Chief," said Keelatee proudly. "So long as thou canst rule me, I am thy servant, and what is mine is thine. I have spoken."

White Owl realized that this young

man was capable of returning hint for hint. He was not to be bluffed, he was not to be scared, and the only thing which would impress him was strength of arm. "So long as thou art my servant—that will be for ever," replied White Owl masterfully. "Remember that your warriors are as a handful while mine are as a sled load. Remember that any day I and my warriors could destroy your whole tribe—wipe you out from the face of the wilderness, as the tracks of the wolf are wiped out by the oncoming blizzard."

"I will remember that, my Chief," replied Keelatee, realizing the truth of it, but at the back of his mind still rankled the desire to cheek—I can find no better word—this licentious brave whom he felt to be his inferior as a warrior, and who had for so long inflicted poverty and suffering on his people. Keelatee could not resist one final rub: "White Owl is wealthy," he went on. "He and his people can sit and smoke and idle away their days, while the people of the Long Valley hunt for them and do their bidding. Thus in the Long Valley we are producing a race of warriors and fighting men, while you, at Moon Hill, are producing a race of idlers. I have spoken to thee as a brother, Great Chief. I am thy servant. I obey."

White Owl was clearly irritated, but he mastered his feelings. "And thou hast spoken truly. This meeting of ours is a friendly meeting. Bring me the Eagle's feather that I may present it to Keelatee." And with his own hands White Owl thrust the feather into the young warrior's locks. "Keelatee," he went on, "I am about to present thee with much caribou meat and fish—as much as thy sled will carry—that thy people may dwell in plenty throughout the remainder of the winter. Thy sled is already loaded. Thy dogs are fed, and as a token of my respect I myself will break trail for thy team till the river is gained. We will start when the darkness falls, after we have eaten together."

A feast was held at the honor of Keelatee, and while he ate the sumptuous meal Keelatee thought to himself, "This is meat killed by my own people. Yet they are hungry, while here there is plenty."

As dusk fell all was made ready for the departure of the guest. Had he been an ordinary guest a brave would have been sent to pilot him down the creek, with its numerous blowholes and rotten ice, to the river, after which all was straight sailing. But as he was a specially honored guest White Owl himself was to pilot him—White Owl was to break trail for the dog team, a humble position for one so great.

They started off, with the good wishes of the tribe, as the shadows fell—White Owl ten paces ahead of the team, while Keelatee walked behind the sled, heaving the heavy outfit clear of the drifts by means of the geepole. In the darkness Keelatee had enough on to watch the dogs and handle his heavy sled, and he left it to his partner to choose the way. And deliberately, with wolf-like cunning, White Owl led the outfit away on to the rotten ice ere they were ten miles distant from the camp—led the young warrior, whom he had just decorated, into a death trap, that he might be rid of him. And had

Keelatee but known it, his sled was weighted with stones, and the huge load of caribou was but a surface show.

The first warning Keelatee had of the danger was the booming of the ice under his very snowshoes. He heaved his weight on the geepole in a frantic effort to swing the sled clear of the rotten stretch, and as he did so the runners went through with a booming crash, while on every side the ice boomed and cracked.

Keelatee knew well what to expect. It was too late to save his sled and the team—he must save himself. The sled reared on end, crashing through the ice with a peal of thunder. The powerful current below sucked it down, and a black rift appeared on the face of the snow-covered stretch—a black rift from which black arms were stretching outward in every direction. And as the sled vanished, sucked down by the tide—the dogs, straining at their harness, were slowly drawn after it, pulled backwards into the rift by which the sled had disappeared.

When the booming began White Owl had leapt for safety, and as the sled crashed through, a mocking, triumphant laugh smote the ears of Keelatee. In an instant the young brave realized that he had been led into a trap, but for the time his mind was occupied. The ice beneath his very feet was splitting up, and with the quickness of a deer he was leaping from square to square. It was a mad run for life, and not one in a million could have got out. Keelatee reached the very edge when the berg on which he alighted capsized with him, and down he went into the black water.

How long he struggled to gain the shore he did not know, and it was only his great strength that saved him. But gain the shore he did—to look out on to a black expanse of gurgling water, into which dogs, sled, all but himself had disappeared.

That mocking laugh still rang in the ears of Keelatee, and now, chilled and exhausted though he was, a terrible anger rose up within him. He realized that all the honors he had enjoyed were but a show, that he and his people had been cruelly deceived, that he had been decoyed away from his tribe that he might be murdered in the night by a coward—a grass snake! With his own hands he had, that day, fastened a token of trust and friendship about the neck of White Owl, and with an evil show of deceitfulness White Owl had decorated him, then led him out on the rotten ice to die.

No man but Keelatee could have endured, in saturated clothing, the terrible cold of that night. He picked up the tracks of White Owl and followed them back to the trail they had traversed, and thence back to the camp.

There was murder at the soul of Keelatee as he strode between the lodges, back to the very council tent where that day he had been the honored guest. White Owl was telling his tribesmen of the "sad accident" when Keelatee silently entered, standing before them with eyes like living coals, a magnificent type of savage manhood. His coarse hair was matted with ice, crystals of ice caked his clothing; he looked more like a ghost from the river bed than a living mortal.

White Owl uttered a cry of fear, for



While the battle of the Fleury still raged, these German prisoners were sent to the rear of the French lines to await transportation to the farm lands of France, where they will be put to work in the fields. Reports indicate the battle of the Fleury, on the Verdun front, will go down in history as one of the greatest in the war from the point of numbers of German soldiers captured by the allied army.

truly he thought it was a ghost that stood before them—the ghost of the murdered Keelatee. And as the young brave strode forward, step by step, his savage gaze fixed upon the Chief, White Owl shrank back with terror in his snakish eyes.

Keelatee stretched out two mighty hands and caught the chief by the hair. He dragged him from the council stool, and flung him face downwards on the wolf robes with shattering force, then, unarmed, he stood over him, as a hound stands over a quivering hare.

The tribesmen groaned, and some of them hid their faces. This was no human man who dared to handle thus the Mighty Chief! Never before in the history of the northland had such a thing happened, and to-night the warriors believed they looked upon a ghost!

"No Chief, but a grass snake!" hissed Keelatee, as White Owl lay at his feet, afraid to look up, afraid to move. "Your tribe may be mightier than mine, White Owl, because there are many of you, but where are your warriors, where are your mighty men, that they stand thus with fear in their eyes, while I, a stranger, trample upon their Chief?"

Keelatee snatched the hunting knife from White Owl's belt, then he looked round the council tent defiantly, but no warrior stepped forward. He laughed. "O mighty Chief," he cried, mockingly, "I am about to kill thee. Is there not a brave—a squaw—a small papoose, who will come forth to defend thee? Is there not one in all your mighty tribe who will raise a hand to defend their mighty leader?"

Silence fell, and White Owl groaned and covered his face. When next the young brave spoke there was no mockery, no derision in his voice, only a terrible earnestness. "See here, White Grass Snake," he said, "I have shown myself a better man than you and all your warriors. The people of Long Valley may be few, but they are brave. They drink no firewater, they observe the law, above all things they live clean.

"For many snows, White Owl, thou hast tortured and oppressed my people. Thou hast brought hunger to our teepees, so that our little children perished during the lean months. Thou hast taxed us and beaten us so that we might never rise in strength against thee. Yet behold, one man has conquered thy whole tribe, without arms, without bloodshed. Have I spoken truly?"

White Owl glanced fearfully up, saw the hunting knife, and nodded, and again Keelatee's mocking laugh stabbed the chilly stillness of the tent. "It is not at my soul to murder one who is more helpless than an old squaw," he jeered. "I am not one to strike the weak, or to lead those who have faith in me out on to the rotten ice. The young people of Long Valley follow higher creeds than those, and because I have humbled you and your tribesmen to the very dust, I go satisfied."

And Keelatee went, while not a hand was raised to stay him.

II.

A few days later a messenger arrived at Long Valley with a warning from White Owl that, unless Keelatee was delivered to him, a prisoner, White Owl would destroy every man, woman and child in the teepees. Keelatee replied that he was leaving his tribe that night, and that they would see his face no more. He said that if a single member of the Long Valley tribe suffered harm, White Owl would have to deal with him Keelatee, and sooner or later, as sure as the moon follows the sun, White Owl would fall his victim. And that night Keelatee bade farewell to his tribe, and clad in his hunting gear he vanished into the shadows—an outcast.

Weakened with firewater, a nervous wreck of a man, White Owl had no desire to bring upon his own precious self the vengeance of Keelatee, who, he knew, would follow like a panther till his chance came. Why should he, moreover, kill the geese that laid the golden eggs? If he wiped out the Long Valley tribe his braves would be compelled to toil, he himself would be deprived of the luxuries he loved so well. Idle, degenerate, devoid of pride, he was content to swallow the terrible insult on the strength of Keelatee having left his

tribe, which, he said, was all that really mattered.

But though Keelatee was gone, his fame as a mighty warrior and as a great hunter lived on, and that summer, when an awful terror fell upon the people of Moon Hill, his name was upon the lips of the old squaws. It was a terrible period, for it seemed that Satan himself haunted the surrounding forest. It began one night when the squaws were squatted round their fire—behind them the dim loneliness of the forest. Suddenly, from out the stillness, came the crying of a child. Sob after sob, wail after wail, the ghostly sound rose from the shadows, till one old squaw, heedless of the warnings of her friends, went out into the bush to search for the helpless infant.

The old squaw did not return, and next morning they found her mangled remains at the foot of a great cottonwood. On a stout branch above were certain marks which showed that a huge brute had crouched there, dropping upon the helpless woman as she passed below.

Thus began the reign of terror. The panther, for such it was, now haunted

as no resistance was offered, till finally it was unsafe to venture into the bush even at daytime.

White Owl, consuming still more firewater, believed that Keelatee was dead, that his spirit had entered the panther, and that his whole tribe was doomed. He ordered a runner to visit Long Valley to bring back a party of braves to hunt the panther. The runner refused to go, whereat he was threatened with torture—we have not far to look for the counter-personal of White Owl today. The runner went. He was told by the people of Long Valley that White Owl and his tribe might stew in their own grease—or words to that effect. He remained at Long Valley, and the people of Moon Hill set him down as yet another victim.

Then at the council fires of the squaws at Moon Hill, an old squaw got up one night. "Our men are not men at all," she said, "they are idlers, weaker than women. There is but one man who can rid us of this plague that has fallen upon us. His name is upon the lips of all. It is Keelatee."

"Keelatee is dead," answered another,

fire, he beheld a huge yellow form sneak forth from the shadows and tread out upon the tree that lay across the gulch.

Nimble as a deer Keelatee stepped from his hiding and barred the way. The panther crouched, its green eyes flashing fire, while an awful snarl, which reached the very teepees, stabbed the evening stillness.

The bow of the young warrior was taut, his hand was steady. Terrible and forbidding the panther crouched before him, and for fully ten seconds man and beast glared at one another. Then, even as the panther leapt, the arrow sped on its way. It entered the gleaming mouth, it passed downward and through, it buried its point in the very wood from which the great brute rose.

Keelatee stepped aside, while another dreadful snarl, striking terror through all the village, echoed across the front. But all was over, and the young brave called to the children of Moon Hill to bear away the carcass.

When the tribe beheld the panther, lying dead, a mighty shout went up from the throats of the braves, the squaws, and the children. "This is our chief," they cried. "Henceforth we will have for our leader a brave man and a mighty warrior. Keelatee shall be our leader."

And so it was. Thenceforth the people of Long Valley and the people of Moon Hill were one people—a mighty hunting race, led by one who was proud and gentle.

But even as Keelatee came forth from the shadows, White Owl departed into them—an outcast. That very night he stole away, and his tribesmen saw his face no more, for the law of the Indians says that a chief who has fallen from his place of eminence must leave his tribe for evermore.

After Fourscore Years

One Sunday morning in the year 1833, a family newly settled on the unfenced prairies of Illinois, awoke to find that the cattle had strayed in the night. The boys were sent to find them, and as they started, their mother called to them, "Boys, as you go, remember that it is the Sabbath day!"

Her husband heard her words, and they led him to think that the boys had not much to remind them that the Sabbath was different from other days. Accordingly, after they had returned with the cows, and had eaten their breakfast, he called his wife and children together, and had a simple household service of Bible-reading and prayer.

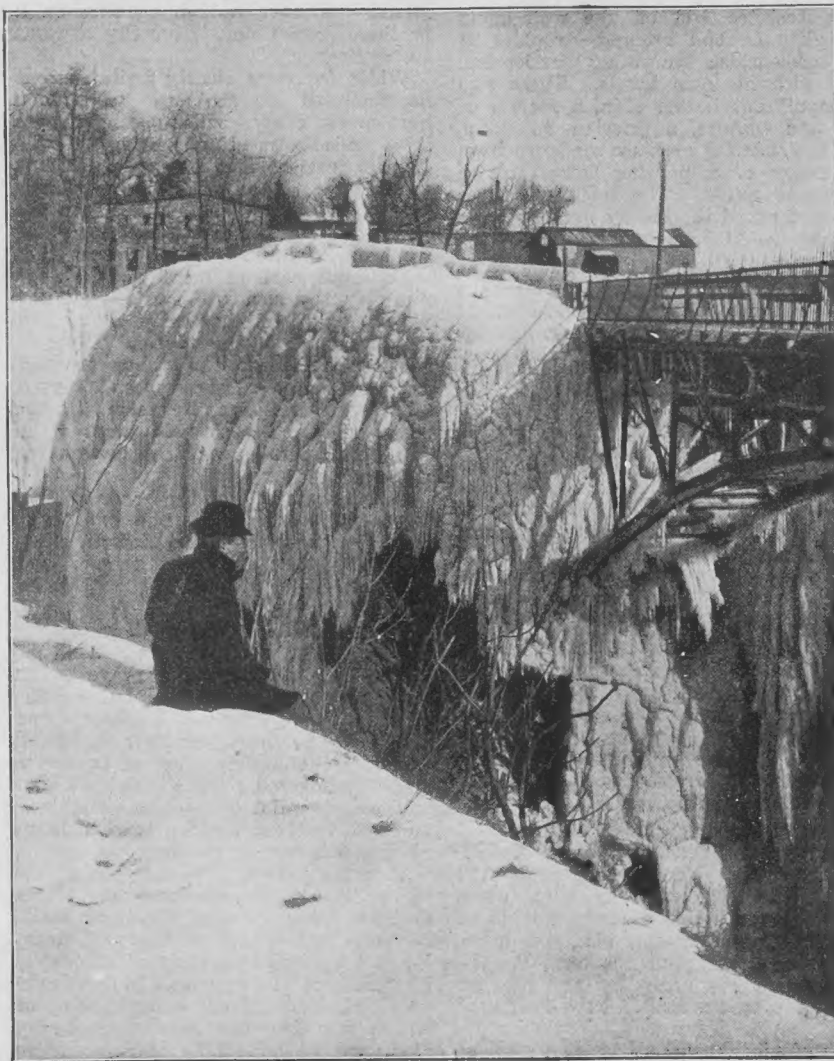
Before another Sabbath he had found a way to have a regular religious service in that neighborhood. Some one owned a book of Payson's sermons, and one of the neighbors was a good reader. Another could sing, and another was accustomed to offer public prayer.

They began to hold morning service and an evening prayer-meeting in a private house. People came a long way to attend; there were more than twenty the first night.

Next, they organized a little church, and in time they built a house of worship, a prim, dignified New England meeting-house, with a tall white spire. It stands at the cross-roads to this day.

For eighty years the church has given its tone to the community. Not far away there is another neighborhood of a very different sort, and the contrast between the two is striking. In one, liquor is sold freely, and there have always been disorder, and rioting, and tragedy. In the other, the little church has kept the life of the people sweet, and clean, and wholesome.

Not long ago the church celebrated its birthday, and there was a surprising attendance from far and near. One of the charter members still lives; he was one of the boys who started out to find the cows that morning eighty years before. Others told of the great things that the church had done, but he remembered his mother's call on that Sabbath morning—the seed from which so much had sprung. There was a deep hush over the congregation as he told the story of that morning; the assembled people seemed to hear in their midst that mother's gentle voice of admonition. Through the little church she has been speaking for eighty years, and through it she yet speaketh.



A Winter Scene.

the village day and night. One by one it took their dogs from among the teepees; it broke into the caches, stealing their caribou meat; it stole their fish from the very nets along the margin. Then, O horror! the children began to disappear. One of them was clawed under the teepee curtain from its mother's side by a ghostly paw, another was dragged by the legs through a thicket while gathering huckleberries, its playmates, on either side, seeing nothing of the brute that did the ghastly thing. Then a certain brave, more energetic than the rest, set out to hunt the panther, returning minus one eye and with his whole features unrecognizable. He died next day, but ere he died he told how he had met the brute (accidentally of course), how he had impaled it with an arrow, and how the panther—as large as any moose—had bitten off the shaft with terrible fury, then charged him.

The idle men of Moon Hill had no stomach for panther hunting after that, and each night the brute came to their teepees, striking terror to the souls of the women and children, becoming bolder

"it is his spirit that possesses the panther."

The old squaw who had spoken first, rose again. "It is not so, my sister," she said. "Keelatee would not slay the children. His hand was always gentle toward them. Keelatee is at the hunting grounds he loves—alone, without a squaw. See, I am old. My work in the teepees is done. I will go alone and bring Keelatee hither. If I fall by the way it will not matter."

And to-morrow the brave old woman went. She found Keelatee in a lonely place, and told him of the panther. He laughed, but when he heard that the little children were suffering his face became grave.

"I will come," he said. "For the sake of the little children I will come and slay the panther."

Fearlessly Keelatee searched the camp for signs. He found that each evening the great brute passed from its lair to the village by a fallen tree which lay across a narrow and shallow gulch. That evening, as the shadows fell, he waited in a thicket at the edge of the gulch, and as the sun sank, a golden ball of

Into the Land of the Eskimo

By Francis J. Dickie

SOON now, a year at the most, the white man will have penetrated through Canada's last frontier on the East to the very shores of Hudson's Bay. Already the wireless has been installed at Port Nelson, and to-day, in this wilderness land, talk through the air goes in a minute over distances that but recently took months of toilsome journeying by dog team or canoe to accomplish communication. Under the guidance of J. D. McArthur, the "Jim Hill" of Canada, steel has reached many miles beyond Le Pas, and with its completion to Port Nelson, a railroad train will run right into the heart of the land of the Eskimo. To many this fact will bring odd feeling, particularly to those old timers who have known this country as a land of long, slow trails.

But, though the railroad has reached the shores of Hudson's Bay, most of this land will always remain the home of the Eskimo, just as it is to-day and has been for untold centuries.

To those who have imagined the Eskimos as a fairly numerous race, it may come as somewhat of a surprise to know that, according to the Mounted Police census of January, 1911, the entire population of Eskimos in the Hudson's Bay district was only 1,107, made up of the following tribes: Kenipitumiut, Padlimiut, Shaunuktungmiut, Avilingmiut, Iglulingmiut, Nechillingmiut. The first named tribe are to-day practically extinct. Probably four of the tribe might be found after a fine tooth comb search of the land. The tribe of Iglulingmiut have also lost their identity as a separate body, having been absorbed by the Avilingmiuts. There are several other tribes throughout this vast stretch of the Canadian northland such as the Sedlingmiuts, the Siananmiut, and the Kogmollocks, of the Mackenzie River district, but of course they do not come into consideration in the above figures. Taken all through, the entire Eskimo population of the Canadian northland does not likely exceed three thousand souls.



A Canadian Mounted Policeman in winter garb at Herschel Island.

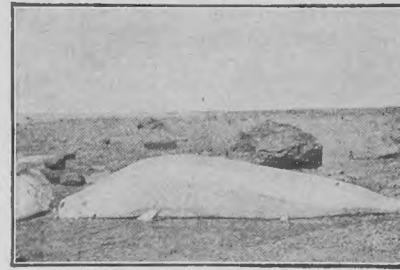
Probably from recent reading of the reports of the murder of Radford and Street by Eskimos in the Bathurst Inlet country, and the reported deaths in the same manner of two Catholic priests in the vicinity of Great Bear lake beyond Fort Norman, the average Canadian has formed a conception of the Eskimo as a fierce, cowardly and blood-thirsty savage. To the contrary, nothing could be farther from the truth; and, with few exceptions, the Eskimo tribes in Canada are one of the most hospitable, kindly and peaceable people in the world. Even in the case of Radford and Street, there are extenuating circumstances for the men who did the killing.

Living in a land of almost eternal frost; hunting entirely for his living; drinking blood and eating meat entirely, mostly very fat and often almost rancid, the Eskimo, as might be expected, is not overly clean. What little water he does use is melted at great labor over a stone bowl filled with seal oil, and having for a wick a bit of dried tundra moss. But for all of his savage diet and his not unnatural uncleanness, the Eskimo is a true gentleman. As an instance of this, an instance which I think many a more civilized nation might not have been capable of, the following story is quoted. It also shows that the Eskimo does not overly welcome missionaries at any time. Of course, this happened half a century ago, but even to-day many tribes resent the coming of missionaries. While I have personally nothing against the missionaries, and they are indeed, for the most part, great and noble men, making immense sacrifices, and living lonely

lives in desolate land to carry the gospel, I am of the opinion that a great deal of their effort is so much labor lost. But of that, more later.

Fifty years ago, Reverend Father Lafevbre went into the Mackenzie River district as a missionary to the Eskimos. Even to-day, after men have been travelling through the country and establishing many new posts, this land is wild and lonely. What it was fifty years ago may be well imagined. However, the Holy Father penetrated far into the land. Living with a tribe he followed them on their wide wanderings as they travelled on the flanks of the great caribou herds, and to the very Arctic Sea along Coronation Gulf. The awful privations that he

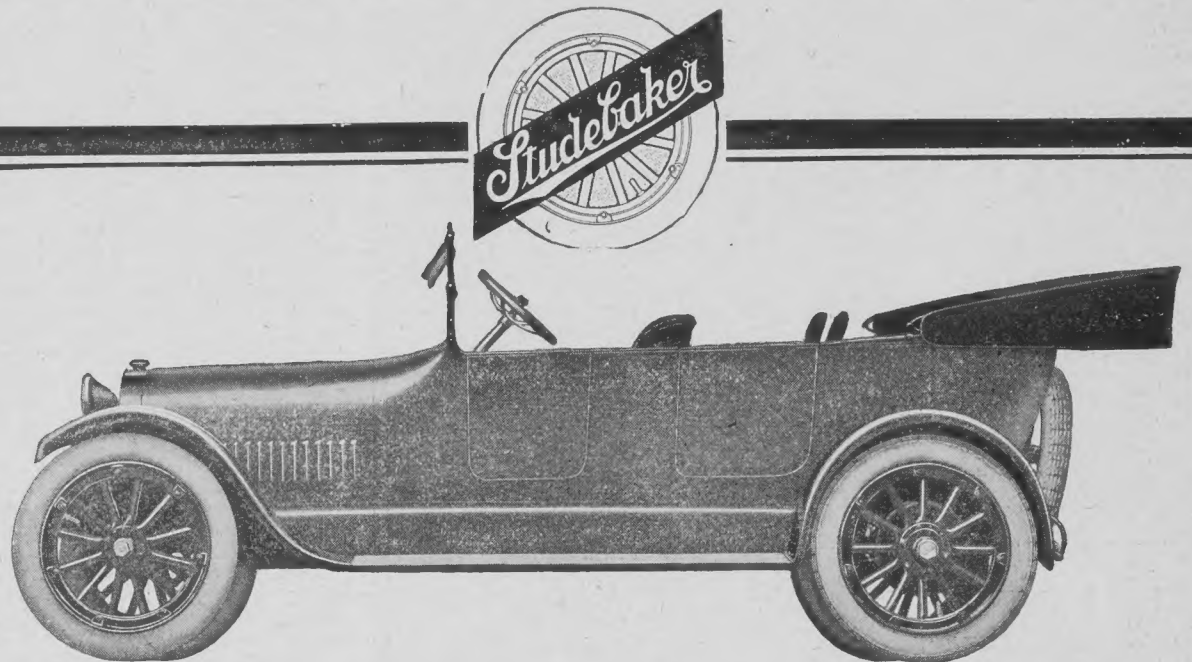
must have suffered go without telling. He was a white man, unused to eating raw meat and living in filthy ten by twelve ice houses, along with perhaps an entire family. But he stuck bravely to his work for some time. But the Eskimos



White Whale, one of the chief sources of sustenance of the Eskimos.

did not want to listen to his ministrings. Still they were a courteous people, and, instead of bidding him rudely be gone, they fitted up their most luxurious toboggan, hitched to which was their fleetest and strongest team of huskies. This they gave to the missionary, and sent two men on a five hundred overland trip with him to the nearest trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company. How many white races, visited by someone trying to give them an unwelcome teaching, would have been as courteous as these simple people?

The Eskimos' religion is a strange collection of myths, a vast and complicated system of things taboo, but withal a harmless and kindly one. To a white man it is most difficult to comprehend how these people can remember all the things they must not do, when certain rites are to be observed, and when other things



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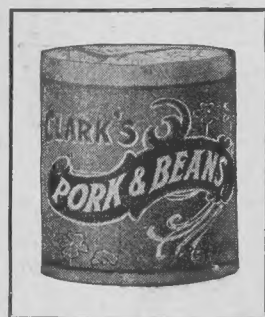
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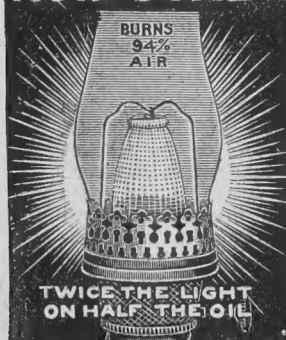
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are permitted. A brief recital of a few of these is enough to show how hard, after all, is the way of the goodly Eskimo who lives up to his beliefs in their entirety.

When the men are away hunting sea animals; such as the walrus, seal or polar bear, the women must do no work upon hides of land animals. Also, when the men are hunting land animals the taboo works vice versa. The men must do no work on iron until three days after hunting the polar bear. The first seal killed must not be brought through the door of the igloo, but a special hole cut for its entrance. Before bringing the seal in, a knife is run into its dead eyes, to prevent its soul seeing the interior of the home—or some such reason; it is very often difficult to exactly understand their explanation of certain things. Too, when the men are hunting on the ice, the women must touch none of the bedding in the igloos for fear of causing ice cracks to make open water and cut the men off from land. But one could go on endlessly, and still overlook some of the things that the poor Eskimo must not do. In comparison, the religion of Christianity, be it Protestant or Catholic in faith, is a sinecure.

To call such things by the name of religion, may seem to many as rather far fetched. But, as far as I can see, this is about all the religion these people have. Their idea of a hereafter is very vague in conception, but in many ways resembles the Indians, in that after death the body still lives on having corporeal wants, which are, however, always supplied abundantly in a marvellous land of game and fur. When an Eskimo man dies, his body is carefully wrapped in furs. It is then buried under a great cairn of stones, probably for the reason that the ground is nearly always too hard frozen for a grave to be dug, or too rocky and hard for their primitive digging tools. At least, I have never heard any spiritual reason advanced for it. Around the grave is placed all the dead man's guns, knives, his kyak and lamp and food cooking utensils. A tall pole is erected among the stones, to which at the top is attached some rags or moss. This, latter, blowing in the breeze, fends off evil spirits. For five days after the man's death, his nearest of kin, generally the oldest son, goes daily to the grave and holds a one sided conversation with the corpse. This is to keep the spirit of the deceased from getting lonely, for it is not supposed to leave its earthly shell until five days after death. At the end of this time, no further communications are held. Then, also, the goods of the dead man may be removed, as these are only needed for a few minutes while he makes his journey to the next world. These things, boat, rifles, etc., may be disposed of by relatives of the deceased to Indians or white men, but on no account to any other Eskimo. So, in case whites or Indians do not happen to be in the vicinity, the things are destroyed. In the case of a woman, or young person, such rites are not adhered to, women being an inferior animal according to Eskimo standards, which same shows the crying need of a visit to that land of a Mrs. Pankhurst, or Nellie McClung, to preach the gospel of suffrage.

Their principal deity is known as Nuliayok. However, unlike most deities, Nuliayok was of human origin, being a beautiful Eskimo maiden. Around her is woven the Eskimo tale of the creation of the water animals, and the why of the different races of people. The first tale is a very interesting one. In fact they both are, but the second, like so many of the Eskimo legends deals with subjects that are impossible to re-tell in print. This fact, unfortunately, concerns practically all the folk-lore tales of the Eskimos. Many of their religious rites, known as an Angekok, are of highly indecent order, or so they seem, judged from civilized standards.

The first I can, however, give, also the manner in which I was able to hear it, for these folk-lore tales are only to be heard on certain auspicious occasions, when the relater is in the right mood, and the circumstances conducive to conversation.

"Icky Whoo!" Polniak said to me making a wry face, and then in English: "Blizzard come purty soon." Promptly the dogs were turned loose, to immediately curl up near the corner of a drift where later the snow would cover them, but not so deeply as to cause danger of their being smothered. In a remarkably short space of time, twenty-five minutes

to be exact, Polniak and Atoomikseena, had thrown up an igloo, solid, permanent, strong, that would withstand the fiercest of Arctic storms. Then we crawled in, pulled the hole in after us, so to speak, and there lay holed up for three long days, while the blizzard roared without. Often times, during those three days, I could have sworn the storm was over, so quiet and soundless was it inside the igloo. But every time I ventured to suggest a resuming of the journey, the men laughed. They knew better. To convince me, Polniak cut a small hole through to the outside, and instantly the roar of the storm struck my ears and a fine powdery snow drove through the aperture.

So we lay in our sleeping bags, and smoked and talked. Such are the times when your Eskimo will tell you stories, and among the many that he related was the tale of Nuliayok, and how the world came to have certain animals. The interpretation of the story is mine, as Polniak's English, though good, what there was of it, was still rather limited.

"Nuliayok was a beautiful Eskimo maiden living on the shores of Hudson Bay. Nourak, the god of the gulls, fell in love with her. But Nuliayok's father, Anautclick, was opposed to the match. But one day when he was away, the gull, in the form of a beautiful young man, came for Nuliayok and carried her away in a boat. When Anautclick arrived home, he at once set off in pursuit in his kyak. Being a very swift paddler,



Tallest Eskimo in the world on right, 6 ft. 2 in. Living at Herschel Island.

he quickly caught up to the eloping pair. Just as he came abreast, the cowardly gull, instead of defending his loved one, once more changed back into his original shape and flew away. Nuliayok was then forced to climb into her father's boat. But the gull controlled the storms, and in revenge immediately caused a great blow to come on. Anautclick's boat was not built for carrying two people so to save himself he threw his daughter overboard. But Nuliayok clung on desperately to the boat's side, threatening the boat with capsizing. In anger and fear her father drew his knife and slashed off the first joint of her fingers. These dropped into the sea, and from them sprang the race of 'natchuk,' the hair seal. Still the girl clung on. Next the father slashed off the fingers to the second knuckle, and from them came 'oog joug,' the ground seal. When she still clung after this, her father cut off the rest of the fingers to the last knuckle, from whence sprang 'ivik,' the whale. Then, being unable to longer grip the side of the kiak, Nuliayok sank to the bottom of the sea, where she became the goddess of the sea animals. To her all the souls of the animals go after death."

Crude as this legend is, it still, in many ways resembles some of the legends of the ancient Greeks in its conception.

Missionaries are to-day to be found in many parts of the Canadian Arctic. Perhaps one of the principal ones worthy of mention is the Reverend C. E. Whitaker of Fort McPherson who has been in the country for a good many years

and has ministered to the Eskimos as far as Herschel Island. Many of the Mackenzie river Eskimos have embraced Christianity, and no longer have more than one wife; take a bath occasionally and in many respects have become civilized white men.

On the subject, the following conversation of a mounted policeman who has spent some fifteen years among the Eskimos is interesting, giving as it does the views of a man who has had plenty of time and opportunity to judge how far our Christian religion really sinks into the Eskimo mind.

"The Missionaries have done the Eskimo good; but not in the way they think. The Eskimo has been taught to be cleaner, to take a wash at least once a week; not to trade wives, and many other trivial things. But as far as having any real conception of the deeper meaning of Christianity,—pouf! he has none. The missionaries have worked no spiritual change on the most of the Eskimos, because these people lack sufficient education to understand the bigger, broader side of the things the missionaries have labored so hard to teach. This, of course, applies to the older people. Catch them young enough, educate them, and the next generation will be just as good and understanding Christians as any white child brought up under similar conditions. But with the older ones—well, it's pretty hard to teach an old dog new tricks." Memory of a humorous episode coming to him, the policeman smiled broadly, and went on: "One of the greatest causes for misunderstanding between the Eskimo and missionary is in the matter of the missionaries collecting from the natives for the church. True to his

teachings, the Eskimo has come to know the Supreme Being as something beyond the needs of mortal man. So the missionaries constant request for contributions of furs to be sold for the church are a vast puzzle to the simple native mind. One of them came to me very much distressed one day, and after considerable preliminary conversation, suddenly blurted out: 'Say, tell me, who is this fellow Jesu Christ, all time want fox skin?' From this you can understand that his embracing of the teachings of the missionaries was but in name only."

But, despite the slowness of their progress, these sturdy men who have given up soft berths in the world of civilized things to go and labor among the natives of the harsh Arctic regions, can only come in for commendation. Perhaps, with the rising generation, their work may bear better fruits.

An amusing incident occurred to Bishop Stringer recently when on a visit to the northland. Perhaps for its very uniqueness, the slightly indelicate language used may be overlooked.

During his travels the Bishop came upon some Eskimos whose experience with white men had been confined to mixing with the crews of what whaling vessels came to their vicinity. The language used by whalers is not of the finest, and during their stay the Eskimos had picked up one form of expression often used by the whitemen when addressing each other. As a consequence the Eskimos came to believe this expression quite the proper thing when addressing any new come white. In fact they were quite proud of the word. So when Bishop Stringer walked into their camp, the spokesman of the Eskimos greeted him joyously with: "Hello, you old son of a b—." The bishop, while enjoying the heartiness of the welcome, and seeing the evident sincerity that backed the use of the words, later took the trouble to go to the root of the subject, and explained to the Eskimo the error of the use of an expression which he had so fondly treasured.

The stories of and about the Eskimo as heard by one in the northland would fill many books; and these simple, savage people are without doubt one of the most interesting races upon the North American continent, and a people much superior to the Indians living in the same land.



Kogmolluck, 15 year old wife and baby, Herschel Island.



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And there are the so-called "bad days." A modern "efficiency expert," set at the life and time problem of an average person, would quickly pounce upon these. From a sixth to a fourth of the days are, after dubious hesitations, pronounced "bad" for rural and suburban dwellers, children, vacationers, persons alive with good intentions and new things to do, men on the tenter of doubt, and women pretty generally. And all these, hearing the old worn words, draw the blinds on eye and mind and heart, and consuming about the usual amount of food and service, await the morrow. Some one says it is too rainy, or too cold, or too hot, or too late, or it is threatening to do something, and a day goes by that, with its irritations and subtle weakening of the will, may be reckoned a little worse than lost.

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A Pioneer of Rupert's Land

Written by Isaac Cowie

ON the 13th of September, 1908, I had the pleasure and privilege of taking down from his own lips, in his old cabin home on the southern bank of the Saskatchewan which commands a magnificent view of the valley and river below and the City of Edmonton on the opposite bank, the following narrative of Joseph McDonald, traveller and trader and trapper, explorer and goldminer, buffalo hunter and cattle rancher, fast dog expressman, boss of packhorse trains, owner of Red River cart brigades, and finally the principal founder of the Town of Strathcona.—Isaac Cowie.

Statement by Joseph McDonald

My father, Donald McDonald, son of Adam McDonald, and his wife, Isabella McKay, was born at Brora, Sutherland-shire, Scotland, on the 7th of April, 1779. He had four brothers, of whom three were soldiers, two slain at Cullinstown and the third, William (the eldest), fought at Waterloo and was pensioned off. The fourth, Alexander, emigrated to and settled in Nova Scotia.

My father's uncle, Donald McKay, who became known in the Northwest as "Mad McKay," was an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company's service and was in charge of Fort Severn, when he was taken prisoner at York Factory on its

is still the Metis name for Edmonton. "Fort des Prairies" was another name given by the French-speaking to the posts on the upper Saskatchewan River. I saw the old chimneys of one of these old establishments still showing on Groat's Flat in 1855.

Mr. James Bird was the H.B. officer at Edmonton on my father's arrival there and he remained in charge for many years after. Mr. Bird desired to open up trade with the Blackfeet and their allied tribes, but was much handicapped by the fact that all the natives who could act as interpreters were partisans or in sympathy with the rival North West Company. To remedy this, he called for volunteers to go out and live with the Blackfeet to acquire their language and acquaintanceship. A son of Colonel Munro, who was at the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, named Hugh and my father answered the call, and were placed under the care and protection of a Peigan, "Painted Feather," who was head chief of the Blackfeet Confederacy, having his headquarters generally near Chief Mountain. For this service the chief was subsidized, receiving guns and ammunition and other useful articles to the value of one hundred pounds a year—one of the conditions of the treaty being that a messenger should be sent every two months to Edmonton with word from the chief and his wards.

For three years the two young men lodged in the tents of the Blackfeet, learning their language and their ways, accompanying them in their hunting expeditions, but abstaining from joining their forays on other tribes, while always ready to take part in defending the camp.

Of the Blackfeet Confederacy, the Peigans were the most numerous tribe, next the Blackfeet, then the Bloods and lastly the Grosse Ventres or Big Bellies—from whom the Belly River derives its name. These allies numbered six thousand lodges. The Sarcees, who came originally from about Lesser Slave Lake (hence known as "Slavies" by the H.B. people), were former enemies who joined the federation. Later they occupied the upper Red Deer River to the confines of the grounds of their enemies, the Rocky Mountain Assinaboines. In fact the Sarcees on their first arrival had no friends on the Saskatchewan prairies.

The migration of the Sarcees from the Peace River to the Saskatchewan arose from a chivalrous and self-sacrificing idea. Two brothers were chiefs and a feud broke out between them. Rather than a fratricidal war should be waged in the tribe of Beaver Indians and that he should see those of the same blood slay each other, one of these chiefs led his followers into the hostile Saskatchewan country to fight for life among enemies instead of with their brothers on the Peace River. His band fought their way through to the Athabasca, and for a time occupied the Lac La Nonne country, under constant attack by the Crees in the bush, to escape from which they debouched on the open plains to the south. On these new fields they defended themselves against all comers for many years, and it was not till 1812, anyhow, that they were able to make peace and alliance with the Blackfeet.

In 1810, during the second year of their pilgrimage with the Peigans, in the month of May, a great battle occurred in which Munro and my father took a prominent part in defence of the camp. In anticipation of a long herded invasion by hostile Crow Indians from the south and Snake, Nez Perce and Flathead Indians from the south and west, the Blackfeet allies had gathered to the number of six thousand lodges on a defensible position, "The Old Man's Bowling Green" (now known as Willow Creek), between the Porcupine Hills and the main Rocky Mountains. To this rallying point of the Peigans came the Big Bellies from Medicine Hat, the Blackfeet from the junction of the High and Bow Rivers, and the Bloods from the Old Man River (near the later "Whoop Up"). Trenches and pits were dug and barricades thrown



Baker's Custard Pie

Beat the yolks of three eggs to a cream; take one tablespoonful of flour and three of sugar, and sift well; this separates the particles of flour, so there will be no lumps. Then add it to the beaten yolks; put in a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla and a little grated nutmeg; next add the well beaten whites of the eggs, and lastly a pint of scalded milk (not boiled) which has been cooled; mix this in by degrees, and turn all into a deep pie pan lined with puff paste and bake from 25 to 30 minutes. For the crust use three large tablespoonfuls of flour, sifted; rubbing into it a large tablespoonful of butter, or lard, or half and half of butter and lard.



Donald McDonald (Joe McDonald's father), war chief of the Black Feet.

surrender in 1782 to the French Admiral LaProuse. He was carried to Paris and remained three years in a French prison, where he acquired an undying hatred of the French. On his release he came back to this country again in the Hudson's Bay service, from which he took furlough to Scotland in 1805, when he engaged my father to return with him.

Donald McKay was an expert shot and swordsman and duelist. To gratify his aversion to the North West Company—"The French Company"—and to the French in their service, he more than once offered insult and challenged the commander of their forts by clipping the signal halyards with a pistol shot and dousing their colors. He never lost an opportunity of shooting Frenchmen, and, while he was in charge of Swan River, he met a canoe of them on Duck Bay, Lake Winnipegosis, shot it full of holes and drowned the whole crew. Then, terrorizing his own crew, he swore them to secrecy, the breach of which he would punish by death. On retiring from the Hudson's Bay service, he went to live with my uncle Alexander, in Nova Scotia, where he died peacefully in bed.

My father was left by his uncle with a friend, Alexander Kennedy, to winter at York Factory, 1805-06. In 1806 he was sent inland to Carlton House, but not agreeing with the master there, Mr. Pruden, he went up with the winter packet (mail) to Edmonton. The two companies—N.W. and H.B.—had forts in that vicinity then. That of the N.W. was known from the name of its master, James Hughes, as Fort "Lauss," which

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up about this chosen site, and notwithstanding the superior numbers and great bravery of the attacking forces, the Crow cavaliers particularly distinguished themselves in headlong charges. After a seven days' fight the invaders drew off, baffled if not beaten by the defence and took the home trail unpursued by the Blackfeet but harassed by famine.

At a critical point in the assault, Hugh Munro and my father were asked to come to the rescue, and took the opportunity to display to the plainsmen of the Saskatchewan the warlike character of the Highlanders of Scotland. With abundant ammunition for their flintlocks, they mowed down the bold attackers, armed only with bow and spear. For their distinguished conduct they were elevated to the rank of war chiefs of the allied tribes—the name given my father being "Mic-sic-e-me"—meaning big water—but I do not know how it applied.

At the end of the three years for which they had volunteered, the young Highlanders returned to Edmonton, having mastered the Blackfeet tongue and acquired a knowledge of their character and customs, besides the big influence of elected war chiefs. The allied tribes became good hunters for the Hudson's Bay Company and frequently visited Edmonton to trade with them.

In 1824 the united H.B. & N.W. Companies established a post, named "Bow Fort," near the present Morleyville site. I saw the remains of its chimneys in 1858, when with Dr. Hector of the Palliser expedition. Mr. John Edward Harriott, Colin Fraser, "Jimmie Jock" Bird, Hugh Munro and my father went to establish it. The Indians regarded it as an intrusion, became troublesome and dangerous, so it was abandoned in two years' time, when the Indians at once burned the buildings.

Meanwhile the Crees, who were better warriors or better armed than the Blackfeet and were gradually invading the latter's "sphere of influence," had rendered Edmonton unsafe as a place of resort, so the Rocky Mountain House, on the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan, became the trading post for the Blackfeet, as well as for the tribe of the Rocky Mountain Assinaboines, for whom it had been established. My father, after the retirement from Bow Fort, remained some years trading at Rocky Mountain House, except during the boating season when he steered a boat to and from York Factory, being like his kinsman McKay, father of late James of Deer Lodge, one of the best boatmen on the river. Besides being a "good all round man," he was specially gifted in the mastery of languages, speaking, besides his native Gaelic, English, French, Peigan, Cree and Assinaboine.

At Edmonton my father married my mother, a very pretty girl of French parentage, her family being Beaudry, who were related to that of Gaudry and Chatelaine. In 1834 he retired from the Hudson's Bay Company's service at Edmonton to Red River Settlement, where he was entitled by his first contract with the company in 1805 to a grant of land free. He located his claim at St. Andrews for 100 acres, bought other land besides, and settled down to fulfil his long harbored desire to bring up his family in a civilized settlement. I was the first of his children to be born in Red River Settlement.

My best school teacher was Donald Gunn of Little Britain, for whose ability I have the greatest admiration. I am indebted to the grounding he gave me for all I have subsequently been able to teach myself in addition. My first employment off my father's farm was with the Canadian exploring of Dawson's Sound in 1857. I was with the British Government's exploring expedition, Capt. Palliser and Dr. Hector in their explorations for the British Government in 1858-59. In 1859 I went with the Earl of Southesk's hunting party from Fort Garry to the place now known as Banff, thence by way of Jasper House to Edmonton, and returned by Fort Pelly in the fall.

In 1862, having been recommended as a traveller by Lord Southesk to his brother-in-law, Lord Dunmore, I accompanied the latter and his brother officers in the Scots Fusilier Guards, Capt.

Cooper, Colonel Cooper and Captain Thynne, of the Grenadier Guards on a hunting trip from Fort Garry to Cypress Hills and back. Thence they went to Devil's Lake, Abercrombie and St. Cloud on the way to Montreal. In December I followed them, taking a dog train down to Montreal, where our performances created much interest.

Talking about dog trains, I was quite a runner in my day. Once I left Fort Garry at 1 p.m. and reached Pembina at 9 that same day (65 miles). John Monkman and I went from Fort Garry to Crow-wing (400 miles) in six days. I started from Rocky Mountain House and camped at west end of Gull Lake and reached Edmonton next day. Made the run from Lac Ste Anne to Fort Edmonton between 7 a.m. and 12 noon. Went from Edmonton to Victoria and

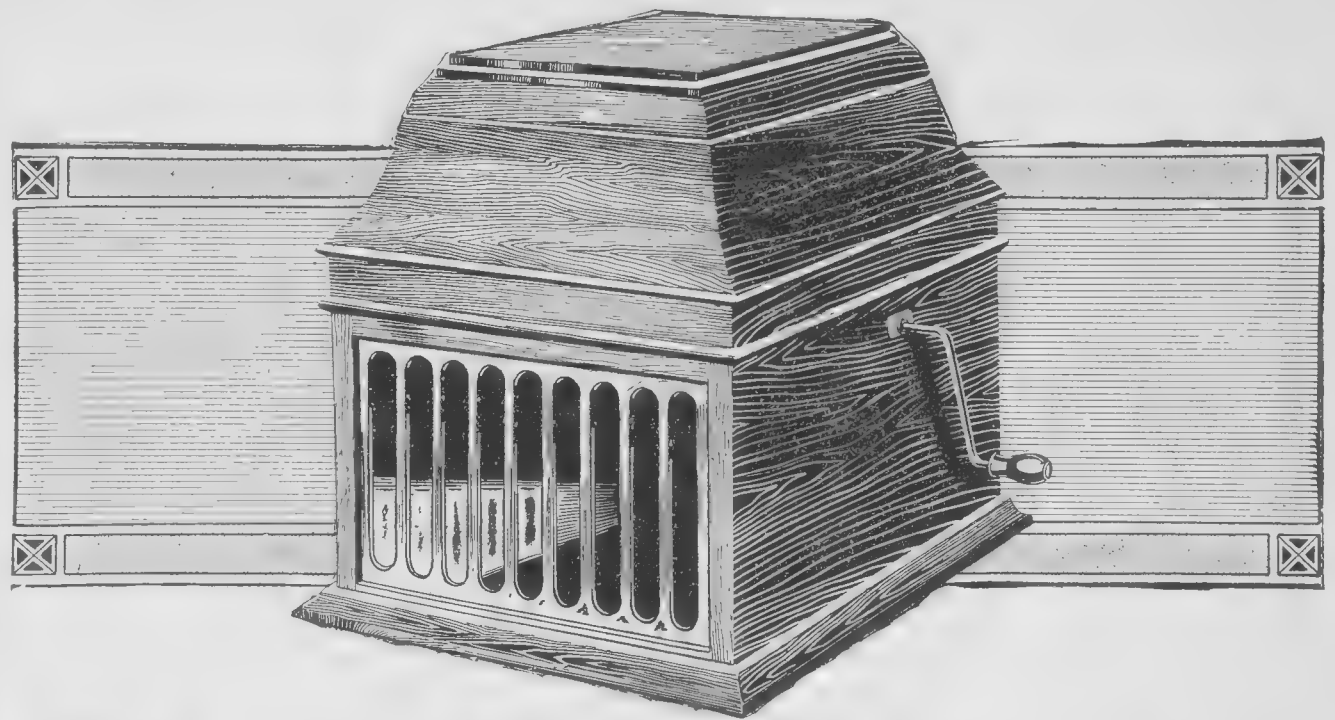
returned in two days. Came from Brazeau's second camp on McLeod to Ste Anne Lake, 100 miles, in one day. I never felt tired those days.

In 1862 I was in Montreal with Lord Dunmore and went up west that summer with Captains Lake and Devenport, of the Rifle Brigade, then stationed at Hamilton. From Fort Garry we were accompanied by the Italians, Count Castiglione, Maggiore and Major Vecchi, and we travelled by way of Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills and the present site of Saskatoon. We struck southwest and crossed the Red Deer River at Hand Hills and came to Bow River at the mouth of High River, where there was the largest camp of Indians that I had ever seen—Blackfeet, Bloods and Peigans. They came like a flood, spilling down the hill to us on the flats and

camped all around us. It was alarming, but we managed to make friends with them and they gave us two Peigan guides who soon deserted us, however.

Ay-cappo, otherwise Ezidore Dumas (father of Gabriel, who became known to the outside world during the Saskatchewan rebellion), one Virmette, A. Vandal (who was killed at Duck Lake, 1885), Larocque, Berard, Baptiste Shitack, Baptiste Boyer, Bob Taylor, Smith (Aycappo's son-in-law) and Joseph McKay composed our party. The notorious Jean L'Hiroux was with the Peigans at that time.

We went across the mountains through the Kootenay Pass and through the Tobacco Plains down to Fort Colville, thence to Wala-wala, and by boat down the Dalles to Astoria. We came back the same way to Fort Colville, where I



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met my Highland cousin, Donald Dhue McDonald. We then crossed the Rockies by the Crow's Nest Pass and at Pincher Creek, Aycapcho made across the plains for the Moose Woods (South Saskatchewan River), while I came to Little Red Deer River and from there came on with Hugh Munro to Edmonton and wintered there 1863-64.

In June, 1864, I met the celebrated Arctic traveller, Dr. John Rae, at Fort Garry, and went with him via the Yellowhead Pass to Fort George, Fraser River, where I left him and returned to Edmonton by the same route. From Edmonton I went by boat down the Saskatchewan and on to Red River Settlement.

The gold was still being found in paying quantities on the river near Edmonton and Murdoch McLennan (one of the finest and hardest Scots I ever travelled with) and I started as miners from Fort Garry on 7th February, 1865, with dog sleds. We went by Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, Fort Pelly, Touchwood Hills, Moose Woods, Eagle Hill Creek, Tent Stands and crossed right to Fort Pitt on snowshoes. After striking the North Saskatchewan, we found buffalo numerous. The Vermilion valley was crowded with them and all the way on to the present Fort Saskatchewan.

There was good pay on the bars near Edmonton and we made \$800 in one month. Not satisfied with that, I made



Joe McDonald and wife

a poor prospecting trip to the Athabasca. McLennan did better. When the Saskatchewan rose over the bars I took a contract from the Hudson's Bay Company and cut 500 loads of hay. After which I entered their service as clerk and was stationed at Lac Ste Anne, where I married Margaret Fraser, daughter of Colin Fraser, the Highlander who blew the pipes before Governor Sir George Simpson on his historic journeys, and who afterwards was postmaster at Jasper House and Lac Ste Anne. I may say here that our eldest son, John, is married to a grandchild of my father's companion in the Peigan camps, Hugh Munro. I served at Rocky Mountain and Jasper House and other posts before retiring from the service, to start freighting between Edmonton and Fort Garry.

On leaving the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton in June, 1869, I went with my family on a visit to my friends in Red River Settlement. In the fall I was sent to meet the Hon. William McDougall and to assist him on his way from St. Paul, Minnesota. Before we reached the boundary, eleven determined Metis hunters, under Lepine, met Mr. McDougall and warned him that he would not be allowed to cross the line. I was after that sent with a team of bucking bronchos on ahead with Mr. Provencher of the prospective governor's staff. I carried despatches from Mr. McDougall to Governor McTavish and concealed them in the soles of my moccasins.

We were stopped at the barricade on

Scratching River by President John Bruce and his men, who evidently meant business. We were arrested and taken for a while to the church nearby. Louis Riel at that time was only an understrapper there.

One of the Metis, who gave me a severe poke in the ribs with a flintlock on that occasion, was much more severely reminded of it when I had the gratification of meeting him on the Saskatchewan Trail near Touchwood Hills some time after.

In the English rising against Riel which assembled at Kildonan, I was captain of a company from the Parish of St. Andrews and what I had observed of military matters while with Lord Dunmore in Montreal was of some service to me in that capacity.

I am tired of talking about myself or I would give you more than a mere outline of my travels, and I should tell of my life as a buffalo hunter, trader and freighter on the plains, my experiences about Edmonton and Calgary during the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885, also of the founding of this town of Strathcona on my original claim of land.

Choose Ye

A wealthy old gentleman residing in London, on one of his birthdays invited his servants into the house to receive presents. "What will you have," said he, addressing the groom, "this Bible or a five-pound note?" "I would take the Bible, sir; but I cannot read; so I think the money will do me more good," replied the hostler. "And you?" he asked the gardener. "My poor wife is so ill, that I sadly need the money," responded the gardener with a bow. "Mary, you can read," said the old man, turning to his cook, "will you have this Bible?" "I can read, sir, but I never get time to look into a book; and the money will buy me a fine dress." Next was the chambermaid, but she had one Bible, and did not want another. Last came the errand-boy. "My lad," said his kind benefactor, "will you take these five pounds, and replace your shabby clothes by a new suit?" "Thank you, sir; but my dear mother used to read to me that the law of the Lord was better than thousands of gold and silver. I will have the good Book, if you please." "God bless you, my boy! and may your wise choice prove riches and honor and long life unto you!" As the lad received the Bible, and unclasped its covers, a bright gold piece rolled to the floor. Quickly turning its pages, he found them thickly interleaved with bank-notes; while the four servants, discovering the mistake of their worldly covetousness, hastily departed in chagrin.

A Good Sermon

An American contemporary gives the following sketch of a sermon preached at a colored revival meeting in Mississippi: "Now, bredren and sisters, we want mounahs heah to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mounh for your sins, don't come foolin' roun' dis altah. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'hd to be convarted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery. Sometimes you sin-nahs comes foh'rd an' holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent. You's no mounah. You's foolin' with de Lord. You come struttin' up to de altah; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fruh you fingahs, dis way, an' you cocks up you eahs to see who's makin' de bes' prayer. You's no mounahs. Ef you comes heah to fool, you bethah stay away. Bettah go to hell from de pew asleppin', or from you cabin a-swearin', dan from de mounah's bench a-foolin'. Ef you's not in eirnes', keep away from heah; don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ourselves hoas and weah out our lungs a-prayin' for you when you knows you's only foolin' wid de Lord? I tells you to be mighty cahful. I want to see you comin' so burdened by the weight of you sins that you can't hold up you heads. I want to see you so heart-broke dat your knees knock togeder when you walk. You must be low-minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dus'. De good Book says: Low (lo!), in de Book it is writ.' Now, mind dat and be low."



Watering Horses, Artillery Camp, England.

Laddie Abroad—Zeppelins Above the Camp

By Bonnycastle Dale

(Foreword by the Author—I hope my kind readers in Western Home Monthly will agree with "Fritz" and I that it is time to drop that familiar old name, everything abroad called "Fritz" is hostile, so we will use his camp name of "Laddie.")

"SOMETHING has happened to the mail here, I usually get a dozen in a week. One can always tell when the Canadian mail comes in, three great wagons loaded to the roof, and maybe there isn't a rush just about then of our boys, there is such a crowd of us here, we are the "feeding camp" for the C. F. A. at the "front in France," so there are several thousands, and a bit along the scenery—will that please you, Mr. Censor?—are the Infantry Camps, thousands upon thousands of Canadian boys, they do not stay as long there as we do here. It takes a full year at least to make an artillery man, while some of the infantry are across much sooner than that.

I have just returned from "Physical Jerks," and then from footbath parade,

picture it—5.30 on a raw early fall day as the bugler nearly bursts his pipes getting us awake, we rush into any old thing, no puttees in this, and silently and shiveringly "fall in" at 5.45. Half a dozen lucky chaps draw the various camp duties and then—Oh! then, off we go down hill and throw off those duds that are hardly comfortably warmed yet and plunge into the unappreciative sea—I know they specially chill the place they reserve for me. Why not funk it, you ask? Oh, yes, likely, and have the N. C. call out "Doctor's parade for you at 10." This morning it took me some time to get the actual nerve ready before I could jump in; it was 44 degrees. Pretty cold, eh! I caught up some jelly fish; luckily they were harmless ones, as most of them are, but some of the boys have had painful stinging cuts from something on the beach. I am sending you four postcard views of our camp. I want the publishers to cut out the words giving the location, just call it the C. F. A. (Canadian Field Artillery) camp in England.

I have been working hard to get that



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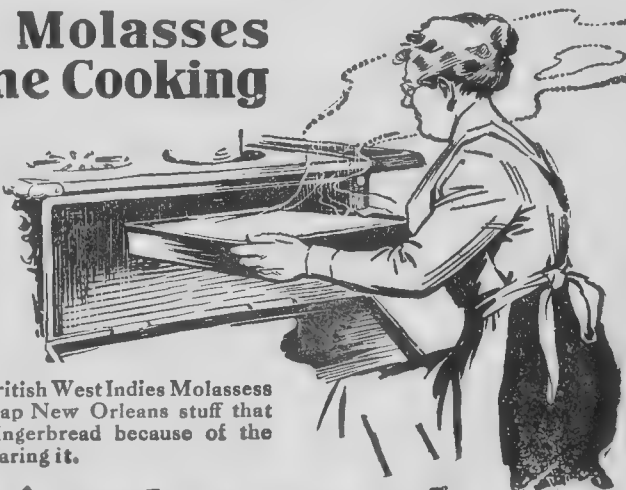
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Canadian Artillery Camp in England.

the last was all right; we marched clear down to the sea and off came our "boxes," we always call these lumbering English boots boxes, and we splashed our tootsies in the clean salt sea, the former is our physical drill, "Jerks" is a good name for it. Our sergeant has no idea of the delight that fills our hearts when he spruces up and calls out "Fall in, Physical Drill." There is a bit of a yarn about this—one of our boys got his stripes the other day, and I guess he forgot about it for a bit, or perhaps he was so used to the word he just had to use it; anyhow he came forward, with head well up in the air, calling out, "Physical Jerks—fall in." We are under good obedience, but we roared that time and so did he. (No! It wasn't me, guess again, although I take this opportunity to inform you that I have got a stripe. I am now a bombardier.) Say! This swimming before breakfast is not all it's cracked up to be. Just

London leave—six days of it. I will give you a full letter of it next time—perhaps, as it's not so easy to get leave here as it is in Canada.

I wish you could see the dear old timbered houses in the villages we march through here, some with tall gables and chimney pots and such odd thatching on the roofs, but we kick up such a dust one can hardly see them. I slept out last night, the tent is so crowded some nights. When I awoke under the trees this morning there was a thick fog all around me. Luckily I had my great coat over my blankets. I had a "fatigue" this morning, so missed the dearly loved "physical jerks." My job was to keep the tent lines clean.

The last draft chosen for France has been waiting a couple of weeks now, you can never tell when you go, even after you are drafted.

I wish you could sit where I am sitting. In the distance is "The Channel."

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There is only one Channel in the world after all, whether you are British or Canadian, and what I want to strongly impress on you good folks at home is: Here is a never-ending procession of vessels of all sizes and types, from the tiny darting Motor Launch Patrol Boat to the huge transports and passenger liners, from all Allied and neutral ports of the world. Good shooting, one would say for the Huns. How we do it I cannot say, although I know more than I will write, but the percentage of loss from this huge mass by enemy subs is—in two years of savage warfare—less than one in a thousand; but the patrol—let me quote the published official report: "But to effect this security to our merchant shipping," says the Admiral, "I regret to announce that four per cent of our patrol vessels have been sunk and the lives of 77 officers and men lost to the nation."

I tried to get picked on this present draft, but my stripe held me back, although when they do pick me I have to "take down" my stripe. My new or-

never come over these huge camps, not since the first raid.

There is another rumor that we are going to France. I have given up jumping around and yelling—rumors are like our wild ducks, always on the wing. But we are going to have a mobilization. I am sleeping with all things ready for the call any night.

My, what a lack of "go" there is here. Any Canadian town would have all the ice cream the soldiers want, but it's all one can do to get a plate here, and as to getting your shoes shined—why, shine them yourself is the only way, and to get a good meal quickly—well! I guess not. Britain is slow but sure, all right! all right! There are practically no telephones, ice cream parlors, shoe shine stands, quick meal restaurants, or any way to swiftly separate the soldier from his coin, save bars and confectionery in glass cases in drug stores!

One sad thing is how swiftly the local crowds in the ranks get broken up. There are hardly two old friends together anywhere now. The calls by the

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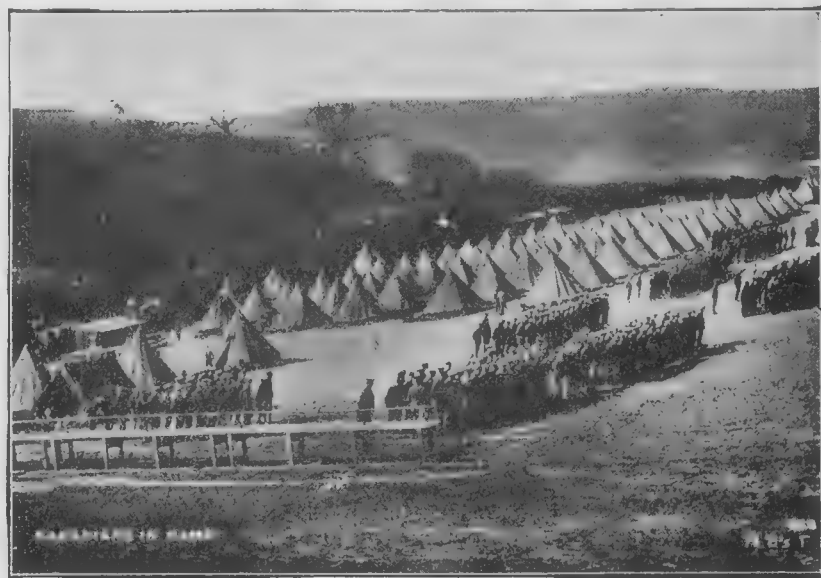
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Canadians in Camp in England.

derly job is getting along first-rate. I am learning everything. Mess orderly to-day, and if some of the men make a row and think they have not enough food served them we just tell them where they get off at.

I hear the whole of the "P. J." class got up before the C. O. for telling the Sergeant-Major to get off the neck of his horse when he rode past the class this morning. They are a good lot of boys, but just bubbling over with mischief. One odd thing about camp life here, although there are lots of flies, none ever come into the tents, and there are no mosquitoes.

You ought to have heard the "Channel Chorus" last night in the fog. I never thought there were so many steam whistles afloat.

There was a raid on one of the coast towns near here yesterday by seaplanes. A number of windows were broken and a few casualties. It's a wonder they

various services for drafts breaks each lot into separate units, and I think that is the hardest part to bear yet.

Another cold swim this morning, east wind and a bit of rain to flavor it; up at five and not dismissed until seven: half an hour too late. I had to rush to get my plate and cup and run down to the cookhouse for the food. More "P. J.'s" and on came the rain and another dismissal, and I am in the tent writing this on a pile of kit bags. We have two wee buglers here, about the size of little brother, who is with you now. I wonder how it would do to picture these two mites in the posters and ask the slackers in Canada (Oh! I know lots of them myself who would rather stay at home than help a bit) if they are going to let such little chaps fight for them. I always fill their plates good and full at meal times. They were both refused permission to go across with this draft and they cried as if their wee hearts would break.

I saw a sight last night that I have always been wishing I could see. At 2.25 a.m. I was awakened suddenly to see the other men darting out of the tent. I knew something was up, and I went out myself like a streak of lightning. It was a fine starlit night, no moon, and the first thing I saw was what looked like a row of stars shooting upwards, and at the end of the row was a Zepp. It looked like a bar of white hot iron. Four searchlights were concentrated on it, and hundreds of shells were going up towards it. The shells have a special fringe on them that glow so that the observer can see where they are going. The Zepp was nearly above us, a little to the east when I got out to see it. It surely was a wonderful sight. The shells that glowed were most likely percussion shells, and the ones that just appeared as they were bursting, were shrapnel. After about three or four shots, some seemed to come quite close to it, and then two or three looked as though they hit, and quite a cheer went up from the camp, together with yells, "She's hit," "They've got her," but I guess she dropped the 500 feet or more to escape the searchlights, and get away from the nearing shells. We watched it for fifteen minutes before she finally was lost by the searchlights. She dropped about fifteen bombs, the flash of them lit up the whole country hereabouts. I've often wished I could see one; now I have I'll never forget it, and I don't think any of the other boys will. It surely was the most wonderful sight to see—the great thing hovering above us (it looked about three feet long) and shells coming from the guns at the sea forts and from the destroyers in the Channel.

The poor Ariel Picquet was called at ten o'clock the night before, and didn't get dismissed until 5.30 a.m. when we went out to Reveille Parade. The way we got to know it was over us was that one of the boys was down in the cook-house making sandwiches for a draft that came in (they must have thought this was an exciting place to come to), and he aroused us. The way we got out wasn't slow, either. The noise the Zepp made was just like a train going over a bridge, the men in it must have some time keeping from getting deaf.

(Note to the readers of The Western Home Monthly, by Bonnycastle Dale—This account by "Laddie" of the Zeppelin raid is word for word as he wrote it. I have not spoiled it any by trying to correct the manuscript. Remember he was only twenty this autumn, and this is his first attempt to take the "old man's" place.)

A Little Talk With Mothers

One of the problems that occasionally troubles mothers is how to get the children out of the room. You are having a delightful talk with a friend, and your little people are interruptions. Even though what you are conversing about is quite beyond their comprehension, as you suppose, you not infrequently find that the toys are dropped, the story-book loses its interest, and the little ears are drinking in the talk of their elders.

Now I sympathize heartily with the children who are invariably sent away whenever a guest arrives. "Run outdoors in the garden, Bessie, and amuse yourself; I want to be quiet with Cousin Margaret." "Harry, take your brothers and sisters, and go to the nursery, and don't let anybody come near the parlor while Mrs. A— is there." It is a shame to thus put the children of a house outside the pleasure and profit they may get from intercourse with the family visitors. A great deal of education and culture can only come to them in this way. When you see half-grown girls and boys who are boorish, awkward, and uncomfortable in company, you may be sure that they have been left too much to the companionship of ignorant servants, and that the home courtesies have been neglected. To let children have the advantage of mingling with the pleasant people who visit their house, and to force them too early into the hot-bed of fashionable dissipation, are very different things.

But there are times when it is more convenient and every way better that you should talk with your friends apart from your children. Then do not send them away under any transparent humbug of a pretext, but say truthfully: "My dear, I wish to be alone with Mrs. C—, and I will feel obliged if you will play somewhere else." Or, "You may be excused just now, Charlie, mamma wants to talk of something that she prefers not to tell you."

You think this would awaken undue curiosity? Not at all, in a child who lives in a house where there are no concealments, and in whom the sense of honor has been cultivated. The child will go away without the slightest wish to find out what his mother prefers that he should not hear.

A great deal of injustice is done to older children in the interest of the baby. Clara is five, and her sister Nan is two. Clara's dearest earthly possession is her doll, and Nan cries for it. Nan's own doll, handed to her coaxingly, is pitched across the room by the little wilful fingers. Now if the older sister chose, of her own free will and unselfishness, to bestow her treasure on the younger one it is all right, and nobody can complain; but to compel her to do it, so that the baby may stop crying, is very unfair to both. It is teaching tyranny to the baby sister, and it is awakening a not unnatural anger in the older one.

Diversion is one of the main things to be relied on in the nursery. Present a new idea and have something in reserve for the occasions when nothing pleases. A prudent mother or nurse, who has a teething baby to take through the fretful and perilous second summer, ought to be able to bring forth from her treasure things new and old. Things new, like the great humming-top that came home one night in papa's pocket, and has since been hidden in the bureau drawer; things old, like the box of bricks that lost their charm a month ago, and have since gone into retirement.

There are two accomplishments which every mother should possess—singing and story-telling. "Tell me a story," pleads the lisping voice; and the world is full of stories. The Bible is a great picture-book, running over with beautiful narratives. The fairy lore of the ages never loses its interest to little listeners, and an imaginative mother can find enough material in her everyday life to furnish forth a bill of fare for her darlings. As for singing, no other thing is so sweet, so soothing, and so indispensable. Sing a great deal to your children; well if you can, but whether well or not, sing. They will not be critical.

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Dad's Awakening

By C. D. Pogson (David Langston)

THE lights of the little mountain settlement blinked cheerily from the bungalows and cottages standing here and there on the slope which ran from the foot of "Old Glory" to the laughing waters of Kootenay lake. Some of them were surrounded by fruit trees, which filled the air with the perfume of thousands of many-colored blossoms; others stood beneath the waving, whispering crests of tall pines. Still others were placed in the midst of the unbroken forest.

Presently the moon, like the brim of a golden bowl, peered over an old peak on the opposite side of the lake, then it slowly rose into full view, and sent its shimmering, dancing, prism-like beams (a veritable angel's causeway) across the water. There they halted at the edge of the firm white, sandy beach on which a youthful couple strolled.

Up and down, to and fro, passed the lovers, talking in low tones, or keeping silence, happy in the presence of each other.

Some two years previous Jack Elsworth, an Oxford graduate, had come to the Kootenays to spend a holiday with his wealthy parents before taking up some professional work in the Old Land. However, after becoming acquainted with Eva Cooper, the daughter of a nearby fruit-rancher, he had, under one pretext or another, continued to linger in the vicinity. Jack's sole occupations appeared to be fishing, reading, and cultivating the companionship of the womanly, lady-like Eva; a companionship which finally turned to love, the kind which never runs smoothly. At least in so far as Eva's father was concerned.

"Eva, dear," asked Jack, after they had seated themselves on a huge log in a shady nook near the water's edge, "will you name the day?"

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed the girl, meeting the eager look of her lover with troubled eyes, "don't ask me that, at least not yet."

"And why may I not ask you, sweetheart?"

"Well, as you know, father is opposed to our union, and much as I love you I cannot become your wife without his consent. Mother feels that way about it, too. Why," raising a sparkling solitaire before Jack's eyes, "I am wearing that against his will."

"Yes, I know," ardently saluting the jewelled finger, and mentally rehearsing the gruff reception which father Cooper had given him when he asked for Eva's hand in marriage. "Why does he object? I can support you. I can give you a home equal to any here. What is wrong, anyway?"

"Father says there is no room in our family for a, a—Oh, Jack, dear, I can't tell you."

"Got no room for what?"

"Nimrods, and—and slackers."

"I see," said Elsworth bitterly, as he tenderly folded the sobbing girl to his breast. "And what about yourself, girlie? Have you lost faith in me?"

"No, dearest, only—only, why don't you do something, something big? You know you can, Jack."

"Oh," as a hoarse whistle sounded down the lake, "father said I mustn't see you any more. He went to the city to-day to enlist. He will be on that boat, so I must hurry home."

Again and again the stricken lover saluted the tear-stained face. Then springing up and grasping her hand, he strode along the trail towards the Cooper home, half-choked, half-blinded by the tumult of passions which surged in his breast. At the gate a brief caress, a muffled sob. "Farewell," cried he, "some day I'll claim my own."

Up the winding trail he went, up, up past the last cabin, still upwards where the huge pines whispered; on past the silvery-voiced falls of Crystal Creek. All that he heard were the galling words, "Nimrod, Slacker."

Haggard and worn, he entered his room. Quickly he packed a number of articles into a small trunk, then photos of parents and one other; next a number of well-thumbed books on aerial navigation, and lastly a highly finished miniature aeroplane. As he stepped into the hall, the following note lay on his dresser:

Dear Dad and Mumsy,—I'm off somewhere to do something. Write me, General Delivery, Winnipeg. Lovingly, Jack.

"Better that way than to prolong the agony of parting," mused Elsworth as he swung the light trunk to his shoulder and hastened towards the boat-landing, with many a sidelong glance at a certain cottage on the hillside.

For days Captain Cooper, of the 3rd—1st Canadian Contingent, had been secretly entrenching his men at a weak point not far from the German lines. At last all was secure, as he supposed. "Boys," said he, "we're snug as bugs and the Hunnish pirates don't know it. We'll surprise them when they try to cross this bit of ground."

But alas for plans. Two days later a German plane sailed slowly over the works. Cooper shouted orders at the double-quick. The anti-aircraft gun was swung into position, but the first charge jammed. The worthy Captain danced up and down and swore vehemently.

"Everything's lost! The game is up, curse the sneaking Bosches!" yelled he.

Just then a fellow officer pointed upward. An aeroplane was rising swiftly from the British lines. It swept towards, then soared above the enemy, turned, swooped with its swivel gun belching fire. The German replied in kind. Up, up they went, round and round. Finally a broadside from the Britisher sent the German hurtling to the ground where it fell an almost unrecognizable mass of wreckage.

As the victor glided earthwards loud cheers broke from Cooper's men. "Let the Bosches come," snapped he, waving his cap. "We're ready for 'em." Then the unusual happened. A stray shell struck the British air-craft a scant hundred feet from earth. The machine dived, then turned turtle, pinning the airman underneath directly in front of the captain's dug-out. Willing hands soon had him rescued and resting on a stretcher in the trench. Quickly the hood was removed from the sufferer's pallid face. Cooper grasped the airman's hand and saluted gravely; then broke away, exclaiming, "Pon my soul, Jack—Jack Elsworth! Who'd a' thought it? Who'd a' thought it? Beg pardon, old man. Elsworth, Elsworth. Congratulations, Jack! Congratulations! That was fine, fine, fine work, my boy. But, say, you're suffering! Ha! Leg mangled, scalp wounds. Hard luck, old chap. It'll mean furlough, home."

Tearing a leaf from his note-book, the Captain hastily scribbled a message which he handed to Jack, as the latter was borne away for repairs, saying, "Here, my boy, take this home with you."

Some hours later as Elsworth lay in an hospital cot he unfolded a crumpled piece of paper and smilingly read these words.

Dear Eva,—You can't take Jack Elsworth (nimrod and slacker) into our family too soon. He's O. K. DAD.

Following Christ

It is reported in the Bohemian story, that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one winter night going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted, in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant, Redivivus, who waited upon his master's piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal, to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps in the snow. In the same way does the blessed Jesus; for since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken, and to affright our industry. He commands us to mark His footsteps, to tread where His feet have stood; and not only invite us forward by the argument of His example, but He hath trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier and fit for our feet.

Alfred von Tirpitz—The Man at Home

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly by Suzanne Garnier

IS PATRIOTISM in some cases a curse, instead of being one of the noblest sentiments of humanity? Does it, in the human heart, sometimes give birth to lust for blood of the enemy, to the forgetting of all basic laws of humanity towards women and children and helpless non-combatants?

In asking this, I refer particularly to Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, till recently commander of the German navy. With the memory of those years between February, 1909, and January, 1911, during which I saw him daily, lived as a part of his household, sat at his table as one of the family, I cannot but believe that the former is true. That he—the kindest of men, the great soul whose heart was warm for all humanity, the man whom servants, children and all those around him worshipped—that he could have been the instigator of all the horrors caused by Germany's submarine policy seems to me to answer most emphatically "YES" to the first part of the questions put above.

It was through the Baronin von Thielmann, wife of the late German ambassador

to Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, till recently commander of the German navy. With the memory of those years between February, 1909, and January, 1911, during which I saw him daily, lived as a part of his household, sat at his table as one of the family, I cannot but believe that the former is true. That he—the kindest of men, the great soul whose heart was warm for all humanity, the man whom servants, children and all those around him worshipped—that he could have been the instigator of all the horrors caused by Germany's submarine policy seems to me to answer most emphatically "YES" to the first part of the questions put above.

They told me that all the family was invited out to some social function and, after expressing regrets at not being able to be with me on this first day of my stay, left me to dine alone.

I was really relieved to think that the

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

BY C. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

Do you know that over three hundred thousand Canadians and Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon: this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality result-

ing from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased, if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 254, 163 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Western Home Monthly.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.



General Von Mackensen's retreat from Dobrudja before a fierce artillery fire of the Russians is threatened at Constanza, where, it is expected, one of the great decisive battles of the war will be fought. The heavy Russian artillery already, reports state, is levelling the city to the ground. It is said quick and deadly blows will be struck in this section within the next few days. The upper photo shows the Roumanian city of Constanza. The lower photo shows the movement of the Russian artillery.

in Washington, that I came in contact with Frau von Tirpitz. The Tirpitz' English governess had just left for her native country, after a stay of several years with the Grand Admiral's daughters—Elsie and Margot; and the girls—possessing now a perfect English education, having spent two years in an English school at Chelsea, and conversed continually since their infancy with English governesses—had turned their attention to French. To that effect I was engaged as a companion to them, speaking, as I did, both German and French.

I was very favorably impressed when I first met Frau von Tirpitz one bright January morning in 1909, at her home in the Navy Ministerial building, on Leipziger Platz. I was quickly brought into her Excellency's presence, a very youthful appearing woman—not looking at all her forty-three years—with a smiling, motherly face. Right away we came to terms as to my obligations and duties. I was absolutely conquered by her simple ways and manners, and, after a very interesting interview, I took leave until time to begin my stay at the Minister's a few weeks later.

It was late in the afternoon of the day appointed when my taxi halted before their door. The porter and butler carried my things up-stairs to the room assigned to me, one next the Admiral and his

ordeal of facing the Admiral himself for the first time was deferred, giving me as it did a few hours in which to accustom myself to the place. Shortly after their leaving me, the butler announced dinner and, taking a book along, I made my way down the silent, white-marble, carpeted stairs. Arriving at the main floor I stood hesitating a moment, no servant being in sight to direct me. However, noting a light filtering from under a nearby door, I took a chance and entered. I had conjectured correctly. It was the dining room, a huge oblong space, with a long table capable of seating thirty people holding the centre of the floor. The table was laid for one. An immense silver surtout occupied the middle, decorated with flowers. A little shyly I took my place, set at the head of the table, and immediately the round-faced butler served supper. I felt very small sitting there alone at this immense festal board, under the glance of His Majesty Emperor Wilhelm, painted in life size above the sideboard; the feeling was further heightened by the electric chandelier's light, which, bright as it was, illuminated only the table and immediate vicinity, leaving the corners of that vast silent room in shadow, little abysses of darkness, very much like my thoughts during that silent, solitary meal in the stately home of the Admiral,

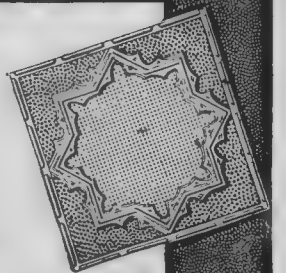
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one of the first men of the German Empire.

The next day I was left to my own devices until about two o'clock, when the gong announced luncheon and the beginning of my new life.

Since the starting of the terrible old world struggle, I have read many of the allied nations' papers' accounts of the Grand Admiral's actions, representing him as a cold-blooded murderer of innocent women and children travelling upon the seas. He is given as the instigator of all the submarine terrors which have held the allied nations and also the neutral powers in continual dread for those dear to them that were upon the sea. And then, often after I had read one of these accounts or seen him pictured with flamboyant eyes pouring looks of hatred for all humanity opposed to Germany, I close my own eyes, and my thoughts race back to that second day of my stay at the Minister's,

and the familiar picture Alfred von Tirpitz made coming toward the dining-room, from his study, his arm around his wife's waist, and looking down upon her from the height of his wonderful carriage with such loving eyes; while on the other side, walking close to him and hanging to his arm, his two daughters like two playful children talking and laughing to him; and then him sitting at the table with her Excellency, not at the other end, as etiquette would have, but close to him at his right, and him holding her hand now and again, between replying to Margot and Elsie, and teasing them as to who they had danced with at the royal ball the previous evening.

When I think of that scene and many other similar ones that I witnessed during my stay in the Admiral's household, I cannot realize that the actual man of then and the man of to-day, hated by nearly all the civilized world, are one

and the same. And it sets me to repeating to myself the questioning: Is patriotism in some cases a curse, instead of being one of the noblest sentiments of humanity? Does it, in the human heart, sometimes give birth to lust for the blood of the enemy, to the forgetting of all basic laws of humanity towards women and children?

Following the Admiral's entrance into the dining-room I was introduced, and was immediately enchanted by his joviality. In a very broken French he made me welcome to his home and at once began to tease the girls, expecting them to be already accomplished Parisians.

From that day on the routine of life started, not bringing anything startling. In the morning, Margot, the youngest daughter, and myself would go for a long walk through the Thiergarten, enjoying the beauty of spring in that unique park in the heart of Berlin. Sometimes I would go and meet her at her music

teacher's, sometimes at one of her girl friend's home. During our walks, Margot would exercise her French, telling me the gossip of her set, and also anecdotes of her father's life and much of the family history. Thus, I became, in a way, quite well acquainted with the life of the Grand Admiral. She told me of her childhood at Kiel, when her father was only commanding a vessel, at which time her mother made all their clothes, having only one maid to assist her in keeping the house and taking care of the children. And from these and other conversations, I gleaned enough to realize that von Tirpitz's rise from lieutenant to Grand Admiral of the German navy came through sheer ability and an almost superhuman toiling—I know, during the time of my stay there, that he often worked twenty hours a day, sometimes for days at a stretch.

She discussed the Kaiser and told me many stories of her father's relations with him.

Although a great admirer of the Grand Admiral and his junior by quite a few years, the Kaiser with his dominating nature often wanted to dictate and bring the Admiral to do certain things against his judgment. But the Admiral had a will of his own, and an absolute fearlessness in expressing his opinions and in sticking to his own convictions in naval matters. Of course, this caused friction between the two, often so grave as to keep both parties from speaking to each other, sometimes for quite a period. How valuable a man von Tirpitz was, and how well the Kaiser knew his worth, is exemplified most fully by the fact that von Tirpitz, in spite of his many times daring to set himself in opposition to the Kaiser, still retained his standing. Any other person, no matter of how high position, who would have taken such stand would have shortly found himself relegated from official circles. And after these differences of opinion, the Grand Admiral often went so far in showing his displeasure as to decline invitations to dine at the royal table, a thing about as close to lese majeste as one would imagine. All of which is only another instance of how valuable the Grand Admiral must have appeared to the Kaiser. Perhaps even then the German war-lord of to-day had dreams of world dominance; and for the furthering and the fulfilling of them he realized how vital to their success was the presence of von Tirpitz in his position—it seems this must have been, for the Kaiser of all men is least given to breaking even slightest breaches of royal etiquette.

The relations between the Kaiser and the Grand Admiral had been strained for a considerable period when it came time for the ceremony of the Admiral's daughter, Elsie's presentation to the court. Till then the Admiral had been seeing the Kaiser only when summoned on matters pertaining to the navy. Now, however, it was impossible for the Admiral not to be in attendance. After the ceremony of presentation, the court dispersed and dancing followed. It should be mentioned right here that Elsie was a great favorite with the Kaiser. Shortly following her presentation she noted he was alone at one side of the great ball room. Quickly going to her father, who was standing nearby talking to some of the guests present, she drew him away. Clapping his arm tightly she led him straight to the Kaiser. By tactful words and through her strong favor with the Kaiser, she effected a reconciliation. How well she stood with the Kaiser, a very aloof man at all times, even for a king, I saw for myself once at a celebration of the Admiral's birthday, which the Kaiser attended. They were talking together and he held up his left foot remarking jocularly: "How do you like my new boots?" which were of a peculiar pattern. "Why, I don't like them at all," she replied quite coolly. The incident may seem inconsequent, and would have been with any one less given to unbending than the Kaiser. But he smiled easily, remarking regretfully: "Well, that's too bad." Time and again after the reconciliation affected by Elsie, the Kaiser, when he would happen to see her, would make teasing comment upon her powers as a mediator.

The Kaiser often invited his Excellence, the Admiral, to his numerous hunting parties given at one or other of the royal castles and hunting lodges, scattered in different parts of Germany. As usual, the Admiral would go, accompanied by

CANADA



NATIONAL SERVICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

R. B. BENNETT,

Director General.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE CARD

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10. How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness? }		8. Were you born a British subject?	
11. Have you full use of your arms?		9. If not, are you naturalized?	
12. Of your legs?	13. Of your sight?	15. Which are you—married, single or a widower? - - - }	
14. Of your hearing?		16. How many persons besides yourself do you support?	
17. What are you working at for a living?			
18. Whom do you work for?			
19. Have you a trade or profession?		20. If so, what?	
21. Are you working now?		22. If not, why?	
23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war?			
24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?			

GOD SAVE THE KING

one man servant. The hunting parties generally started out about six o'clock in the morning, and breakfast would be served accordingly. But the Emperor, following one of his dear habits, often got up and dressed long before time, and had a most annoying habit of personally going around, waking up everybody, hours before it was necessary. The Kaiser is extremely impulsive. Once seized with a thought, idea or plan, he does not stop for anything, but immediately carries it out or places it before those concerned in it. On one of these hunting trips when up extra early, a thought came to him regarding some naval matter. Immediately he rushed to the rooms reserved for the Admiral. In answer to his knock, Herbert, the Admiral's valet, came to the door. The boy was new and had never experienced any of the Kaiser's informal calls; so he was almost overcome by the sight of his sovereign standing there hatless, unannounced and unattended. The boy, however, finally managed to articulate that while his Excellency was up, he was for the moment in his bath; but that he would surely be out immediately. Hearing this, the Kaiser brushed aside the

grooves, and for a family occupying such a high place in the country's social world, they were an extremely quiet, home-loving one, the girls going out very seldom.

As for the Admiral; he did nothing but work. Barring those occasional hunting trips with the Kaiser, he had no recreations, unless a daily walk for an hour in the Thiergarten just at dusk could be called such. He never touched cards and I never heard of him knowing any other game. He didn't smoke and drank only sparingly of light wines, such as Bordeaux and Moselle. He was very regular in his habits. No matter how late it might be when he got to bed, he always rose at nine, took a bath and a massage at the hands of his valet. This man of excessive energy began the day with a piece of dry toast, one boiled egg and a cup of coffee. In all the time I was there I never knew him to depart from this. In fact, for such a vigorous and powerfully built man, he is well over six feet, he ate so astonishingly little as often to arouse my wonder. With the exception of breakfast, the meals at Tirpitz's were terribly irregular, chiefly due to the Admiral's habits of study



This gigantic French 240-MM. gun is one of many used in the defence of Verdun by the Allies. An idea of the size of the cannon may be gained by comparison with one of the members of the gun crew alongside. The gun is moved on a specially constructed railroad.

astonished youth, made his way to the bathroom and, walking calmly in upon the naked, reclining Admiral, plunged immediately into the subject upon his mind. His Excellency, quite disconcerted, was forced to stand dripping wet and with a bath towel wrapped hastily around him until the Kaiser finished. And it was not until he did that the oddness of the situation dawned upon him. Then his invasion struck him as exceedingly funny, and he took himself away, laughing heartily.

My walks with Margot and, in fact, my whole stay at the minister's was more of a recreation than an ordinary duty of necessity, for it brought me in touch with many personages that otherwise would have remained but names to me and indirectly to know much of the lives of many of Germany's great people who, but for this opportunity, would have remained only in the domain of my imagination.

Often when I was out with Margot, Elsie would be away with her mother and at an appointed time the four of us would meet at musicals and lectures. Their lives were along very ordinary

He did all his work and planning pertaining to the navy in his huge study in his home in the Ministerial building, at 13 Leipziger Platz; from here the whole German navy was commanded, and to this place came endless visitors, regular naval officers, old Count von Zeppelin and others with money intentions on the navy, cranks with crazy schemes and many representatives of foreign nations. Jules Cambon, ambassador for France, was a very frequent visitor, the two men being on excellent terms. Strange as it may seem now, the Admiral had a particularly high regard for French people. Equally, a very decided antipathy to Englishmen and all things English. Often when engaged with his secretary, or studying out some important problem, the Admiral would forget all about eating. As none of the family would sit down without him, and no one dared disturb him, luncheon was served variously from one in the afternoon till four, much to the disgust of the butler and other servants.

In the spring started the sitting of the Reichstag. At night during this time we would often wait until ten

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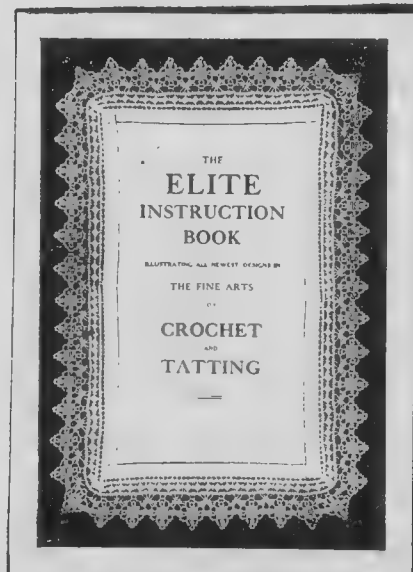
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o'clock for supper before the Admiral would come back utterly worn out, looking ten years older after a stormy session when he had to fight desperately for the rights of his dear navy against a horde of shouting Democrats bitterly opposing more credit for the building of fresh cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers, etc. Sometimes on arrival home he had to be helped out of his car and up the steps. Often his broad shoulders, enveloped in long capes peculiar to the navy, stooped so he appeared more a man of eighty years, than the sixty years he was, and which, in ordinary times he did not look. So terrific was the drain of some of these sessions upon him that his speech was gone, and his eyes were sunken and held that look of utter weariness that comes from complete exhaustion of both body and mind. Immediately the session closed, at which he it said, he generally got what he wanted, he and Frau von Tirpitz left for Bad where he would rest and recuperate in preparation for once more attacking his labor of love—the building of an invincible navy.

In March the Admiral's birthday came around, and days ahead the whole household was busy in preparation for what was one of the main family fetes of the year. On his birthday, outside of the ordinary rejoicing and present giving, the most important was the coming of the Kaiser. It was his custom to bring to his most venerated minister his good wishes on the morning of his birthday. The drawing rooms were all decorated for the ceremony, and everybody outwardly and inwardly greatly excited.

The fact of being attired in gala dress at ten in the morning is rather trying, but I bravely made the best of it, so as not to appear flustered or excited; as upon this visit I was to meet the Kaiser.

Punctual as his Majesty is—that being one of his characteristic traits—the peculiarly individual sound of his car sounded before the door promptly at ten o'clock. His Majesty alighted, accompanied by one of his aides-de-camp, while behind came to a stop three more of the Court autos (he has thirty) and from them alighted various officers of the army and navy. Rapidly he came up the steps where he was greeted by the Admiral and Frau von Tirpitz. The girls and myself and the rest of the household were drawn up in two lines on either side of the door; and as he passed through to the drawing room, we all made the elaborate courtesy common to German court etiquette. Following him into the drawing room came the Tirpitz, myself and the various officers. After offering the usual congratulations the Kaiser turned to her Excellency and started conversing with her. Later on she introduced me and in excellent French which he is very proud of, he began to converse with me in the most amiable way. Following some three minutes conversation with me he entered into conversation with Elsie and some of the rest, shortly taking his leave.

But with the exception of a few such happenings as this, the days passed in ordered and uneventful groove. Once or twice a week some fifteen or twenty guests were entertained at dinner, mostly officers of the navy and their wives. These were very formal affairs and I

always tried to be excused; but occasionally found it necessary to attend. It was during one of these that I was perhaps afforded the best glimpse of von Tirpitz, of his philosophy of life, as it were. At this particular dinner the talk was more than usual of naval matters. I was seated near to the Admiral and beside a very brilliant young naval officer, von Arnim, of whom the Admiral was particularly fond. They were talking animatedly, and, as always, the conversation finally veered to the relative strength of the British and German navies. They had been discussing various technical things, but finally the Admiral made a remark that will always live in my memory: "Yes," he said, "we will soon now have a navy that will blow Britain's from the sea. If the fleets ever do come together, the battle at best cannot last over twelve hours." He paused a moment and in his eyes came a strange far-away look, a look of sadness, then went on: "But we will not come off lightly; we might too almost be destroyed. The work of a lifetime," he added heavily, "the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours. But we would win," he added quickly, as if in those last words the listeners might sense a possibility of defeat. Then, possibly conscious that he had said more than he wished, at least before me, he changed the subject and talked in lighter manner.

But that picture of Admiral von Tirpitz sitting there at the head of his brilliantly lighted board, immaculate in his quiet uniform, his bald head and high broad brow and long beard marking him so distinctively as both a thinker and a doer, and that queer, half sad light in his eyes as he uttered those prophetic words "the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours"—that picture will always remain with me.

Though the German and British entire navies have never met just as he spoke of them doing—in full strength—there yet would seem to be a world of truth in his prediction, for how terrible was even that partial meeting off Jutland, how quickly was the destruction of enormous tonnage accomplished. Yes, I think the world will agree with what Tirpitz said that night, with the memory of Jutland still fresh in mind.

One day her Excellency came into my room and very much excited announced the engagement of her daughter, Elsie, to Herr von Hussell, then in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I was surprised, as there had been no courtship at all, so far as I had seen, at least. I congratulated her heartily. From that time on the Admiral was very melancholy. Strange as it may seem, the idea of giving up his daughter seemed to weigh heavily upon him, although his prospective son-in-law seemed to be an ideal man. In fact, from the Admiral's attitude, it might have been thought he regarded von Hussell as a robber; his melancholy certainly became practically chronic after the announcement of the engagement.

I mention the engagement of Elsie because through her subsequent marriage to von Hussell arose certain complications that played a large part in that little world of big men who controlled the destinies of Germany.

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von Bethmann Hollweg, Chancellor of the empire. Between him and von Tirpitz ill-feeling existed, due no doubt to the Chancellor's continual opposition to the Admiral's continual demands for money and still more money for naval purposes. Hollweg then, as now, was strongly inclined to a peace policy; indeed on this score, regarding army matters, an open quarrel with the Crown Prince in August, 1911, resulted in the Prince being banished from court for a period of six months.

Following Elsie's marriage to von Hussell, the Admiral made an attempt to secure a large post for his son-in-law right in Berlin in the Ministry of Foreign affairs. He was defeated in this attempt largely through the antagonism of Bethmann Hollweg. Von Hussell was forced to be content with a small salaried position as vice-consul in Genoa, Sicily.

Small as this thing may seem it was one, perhaps the largest cause of a growing antagonism between these two great men, which resulted finally, I fully believe, in causing von Tirpitz's resignation recently; for, certainly, there can be no doubt that von Bethmann Hollweg was the chief in the movement for the unseating of Germany's naval commander.

But hated as von Tirpitz is to-day for his submarine policy, I cannot help but admire the man; remembering him and his struggles as I do; struggles which I came intimately to know of from my place in the household.

The German people, always taxed to the utmost, were beginning in 1909-10

or other boat, he would halt in the middle noticing my too evident interest. Innocent though my interest was, such is the German nature of universal suspicion, that almost immediately he would shift the conversation into Italian, a language the entire family spoke fluently, but of which I was ignorant.

It is rather hard to sum up concisely and in order the events spread over a number of years. In those days no clouds of war were on the horizon, and I thought only of Tirpitz and his work in a casual way. Being so close to the great, one oddly enough loses perspective. In this man, soon to be a world figure, and even then possessed of enormous influence and power, I saw rather the kindly father, the man at home, than the planner of things with which to destroy the lives of tens of thousands and wreck millions worth of property. Because of this, no doubt, many things escaped me then that would be of immense interest now to the world at large. However, in the above I have given the most interesting things that I could remember of this great figure as I saw him every day in his home. Many men will think hard of him to the end of their lives; even I myself do not try to excuse or sympathize with him, after the many submarine horrors that have taken place. But because I know him as the man at home, and came to like him so very, very much, I am going to say, or rather repeat one thing I have said before, and that is: "Is patriotism in some cases a curse, instead of one of the noblest sentiments of humanity? Does



The City of Bucharest, Roumania's beautiful capital, now fallen to the Teuton forces. The illustration shows the National Bank as it appeared at the time Roumania entered the war.

to voice loudly their discontent, through the Social Democrats, and many tumultuous sittings of the parliament did von Tirpitz face trying to convince his enemies through the power of his most perfect gift of speech of the necessity of an adequate navy with which to face the world, Britain in particular. Another claimant for means with which to uphold the German Empire was Graf von Zeppelin who, though seventy years of age, was working actively on a fleet of air vessels which was to be one of the chief aids in making Germany invincible in any future war. He got a certain amount of funds granted him; but it never seemed enough. This shortage led him to appeal to the Admiral, who had the power to take some of the credit away from the navy if he wished to be applied to any invention he found worthy as a method of defence. The aged inventor made constant appeals to von Tirpitz, often taking up hours of his time. Often I have seen the Admiral come to the dinner table, from one to three hours late, but chuckling in high glee, and he would explain to us all how he had finally got rid of the Graf. "But he never got any money out of me," he would add, tremendously pleased with himself. Then completely carried away with his subject he would go on to explain how the submarine and torpedo boat were more efficient in case of war than Zeppelins could ever be. He did not believe in airships, particularly the Graf's heavier-than-air steel machines. Sometimes when in the middle of a description of some new thing in the way of submarine

it, in the human heart, sometimes give birth to lust for the blood of the enemy, to the forgetting of all basic laws of humanity towards women and children and helpless non-combatants?"

I think that in the case of von Tirpitz patriotism reached its zenith; became more—grew to be a fanatical obsession. Seeing only victory, and for its attainment he forgot that he was a father and a man, sacrificed principles, honor, the regard of the civilized world—all in payment for the right to let loose this modern Moloch of the seas, that rose out of the deep stealthily to take innocent babes as part of its just due.

The world's a-gleam with crystal sheen
That sparkles from every tree;
Twigs ice-encased and pattern-traced
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O'er roving cloud the sunbeams crowd
To dance in the rainbow light,
To skip and play the livelong day
Till the stars come out at night.

And they, in turn, their tapers burn
To brighten the wintry sky;
A mystic glow fills the earth below,
And the winds croon a lullaby.

We'll drift, in dreams, on soft moon-
beams,
Away to that distant strand,
Where fairies dwell, and perchance
they'll tell
How they fashioned this icicle land.
—Nell Harrison.

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The Philosopher

The New Year

Will the year 1917 bring the end of the war? Can it be doubted that the coming of the new year brought with it this question to the mind of every living human being? For us Canadians, as for all the nations fighting shoulder to shoulder for human freedom against the attempt to make German military might the master of human destinies, the new year brings renewed determination to fight the good fight out to the end. Earnestly as we desire the ending of the war at the earliest possible moment, we realize more than ever that it cannot be ended until the future is made secure. In the past year the representatives of Canadian manhood at the front have given glorious proof, worthy of the proof given in 1914 and in 1915 of their fortitude, their fearless, unyielding valor and their devotion to ideals. It is becoming no easier with every month that passes for the stay-at-homes to live up to the standard thus set. It is the duty of every Canadian who cannot serve the Great Cause by going to the front, to resolve anew with the beginning of this new year to keep his life on a high level of real devotion to patriotic duty, and so make it not wholly out of keeping with the examples of selflessness and devotion to duty given by those who have put everything by—home, comfort, pleasure, profit, and life itself in so many cases—to serve the Great Cause to the utmost of their power. With such examples before them, how can Canadians fail to rise to higher levels of citizenship and purge both business and political life of much that has in the past been a cause of shame and humiliation to Canada? The theory to which the German philosopher Nietzsche has given such striking expression, and which so dominates the teachings of Kultur, that war is a medicine which the nations need from time to time, is a devil's doctrine. But if Canada, out of this war, which was forced upon our Empire, finds her national soul and establishes new and higher standards of public service and of private honor, the terrible sacrifices made in the war will not have been made in vain.

Women and Politics

The statement is made by opponents of woman suffrage—or it should rather be said "used to be made," for it is getting to be late in the day for opponents of woman suffrage to be heard from at all—that the enfranchisement of women would lead to "neglect of the home." Which can only have meant that, if they got the vote, women—or a large proportion of them—would "go into politics." Since politics has

been described, with a large measure of truth as "the greatest of games," it is possible, of course, that here and there a home may suffer from the political activity of the housemother. But surely it is inconceivable that there will be any considerable number of such women—any more than the merest fraction of one per cent of the total number of women voters. The time which the vast majority will devote to their bare duties as voters will be quite small, in comparison with the time they spend in going to church; to say nothing of gossiping about clothes, and in this connection it is quite needless to point out, because everybody knows it, that the vast majority of men voters devote to their duties as voters an infinitesimal amount of time in comparison with what they devote to matters not more important than women's gossiping about clothes. But to speak thus is to speak jocularly about a serious matter. Women will give ever increasing of the justice of their equal title to the franchise with men, which rests on the stake they have in the character and conduct of the government. That stake is their own welfare, and the welfare of their children.

A Letter from the Front

Innumerable are the beautiful, touching and high-souled letters that have been written from the front. One of the most striking that The Philosopher has seen is a letter addressed by a young officer to his parents in England. It was not to be posted to them unless he was killed. He was killed on the day he wrote it, being shot through the stomach while leading his company in an assault. The letter has been published in the London Times. It begins by saying that it was written just before going into action at dawn. It says the writer never felt more confident or cheerful in his life; and his whole company were happy and cheerful, too. His idea in writing was in case he should be one of the "costs, and get killed—he did not expect it, but such things are always possible." Then the letter continues:

"It is impossible to fear death out here when one is no longer an individual, but a member of a regiment and of an army. To be killed means nothing to me, and it is only you who suffer for it; you really pay the cost.

"I have been looking at the stars, and thinking what an immense distance they are away. What an insignificant thing the loss of, say, forty years of life is compared with them! It seems scarcely worth talking about.

"Well, good-bye, you darlings. Try not to worry about it, and remember that we shall meet again really quite soon.

"This letter is going to be posted if . . . Lots of love. From your loving son."

Everybody who knows anything at all of that type of Englishman knows that if he had survived that letter would have been torn up. Such a man shrinks with an extraordinary shyness from giving such expression to emotion and, as it were, saying aloud things so deeply felt—how deeply felt that letter tells. And the same deep feeling is in every brave heart at the front.

"The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring."

German Designs on the United States

"If the Allies are beaten, it will be America's turn next." Thus, writes a correspondent of the New York Tribune, who spent several months in Germany after the beginning of the war, was a dominant thought in the mind of the ruling class in Germany; and the State-system which has been brought to such perfection in Germany ensures that the mass of the population believe and feel what the ruling class desires that it should believe and feel. This correspondent, who writes with knowledge, says that plans for applying the mailed fist to the United States were worked with elaborate completeness by the general staff at Berlin. "They know the best landing places," he writes, "but they are not where you would think they would land. They have the plans of every harbor on the Atlantic coast—the depth of water, and the run of the tide." In fact, he declares the German Government and general staff are kept informed about everything in the United States which they regard as important for them to know, down to the smallest detail, by thousands of Germans in the United States, who are paid for their work from Berlin, through headquarters at Washington, which are in charge of the German Embassy in that capital. Such is the manner in which Germany has been at work for many years all over the world, with a view to the ultimate achievement of German world dominion. Count Bernstorff, who has for years been the guest of the United States at Washington as German Ambassador, supervises this German work in the United States. It was from his offices that the advertisements were sent to the New York papers, threatening the Lusitania outrage, in which he was thus an accomplice before the fact—and he is still the German Ambassador at Washington!

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

May it bring to Britain and her 1917 Allies "peace with honor," a peace that will give reasonable assurance that this awful "war to end war" has not been in vain.

During December it was my privilege to attend the great International live stock show at Chicago, and some of the things and people which I saw there may interest some of my readers. Manitoba readers The International who attended the Brandon winter fair of 1913 will be interested in learning that, among others, I met again Mrs. Chas. Gray, who gave the delightful domestic science demonstrations that year. She is taking a very active interest in work, looking towards the reduction of the cost of living as well as to the improvement of life in rural homes.

Her articles are in such magazines as the Country Gentleman, Good Housekeeping, Everybody's and the like. About nineteen months ago she wrote one for the Country Gentleman on "All the World goes Canning." In this article she dealt with the research work on canning which was being done at Washington, and she holds the record for having stirred up the nation to apply to Washington for data as to what has been done. The department recently sent her word that they had received no less than 20,000 letters of inquiry due directly to this article, the largest number ever received as the result of one article.

Mrs. Gray took an active interest in the turkey boycott which was put on in Chicago just before the American Thanksgiving. Dealers had run the price of turkeys up to 35c. and 40c. per pound, while there was ample proof that price to farmers and producers had not been at all in proportion. The housewives' league and the business women's club and kindred organizations sent out thousands of letters asking the women to use something other than turkey as the piece de resistance of the Thanksgiving dinner. The result of their efforts was that on the eve of Thanksgiving and on the following Friday and Saturday, turkey in Chicago was down to 23c. a pound.

Mrs. Gray retains a warm regard for her western Canadian audiences, and it is among the possibilities that she may get up to the Brandon fair next March.

Another woman who interested me much was Miss Sellers, head of the woman's section of the Country Gentleman. It is due to the efforts of Miss Sellers that this section Miss Sellers was added to that oldest and most famous of agricultural papers in the United States. She is a young woman of great charm, and in addition to her interest in good housekeeping, and home-making is an ardent lover of horses.

A comparatively near neighbor whom I met away from home, was Mrs. Kelley, of Devils Lake, N.D. Mrs. Kelley is making a success of breeding milking Shorthorns. She was careful to explain to me that by "milking" she did not for one moment mean that she was trying to produce a strain of Shorthorns that would make any special record as dairy cattle, but what she was aiming at was a strain in the bulls that bred to reasonably good cows on the farm they would beget good serviceable beef cattle, and at the same time the cows that would give from 7,000 to 8,000 pounds of milk during the lacteal period. Mrs. Kelley is a tall, slight woman with a keenly intelligent face and a very pleasant manner. She asked many questions as to what women were doing as breeders in Western Canada. I felt rather ashamed to be unable to report more definite operations.

Another interesting woman whom I met, and whose name escapes me at the moment, was the secretary of the Dorset Horn Sheep Club of America. For some years she had been assistant Secretary of ant to Mr. Wing, the Dorsets secretary, and had succeeded to the position of secretary at his death, or removal elsewhere—I have forgotten which. She was thoroughly on to the duties of her position, and was in the ring during the entire time of the judging of this particular breed.

There are a number of young women

employed in all the breed record offices; bright capable girls who can give you a pedigree or a strain of breeding at a moment's notice; and who are as keen on the wins and the auction records of the particular breed they are interested in as the most enthusiastic breeder. This class of work offers a fine field for women, and I hope it will not be long before there are more women breeders and more women in the record offices in Canada. There were a number of women at the show who are actively and directly engaged in hog breeding, and from Eastern Canada was Mrs. Lloyd Jones, of Burford, who, while not actually showing in the ring, was very active in the preparation of their sheep for the ring, and who was evidently more pleased when her little twin lads took a championship for lambs of their own rearing than she was at the best wins of the main flock.

The greatest innovation, however, was the appearance in the show ring, when the baby beef was being judged, of two young girls who had fed calves for this competition. They were

Girls Feed neatly and suitably dressed, **Calves** showed their animals well, and attended strictly to business, and the comment on girls taking up this line of farm work, was most favorable. One of the girls later sold the three calves she had fed for over \$400. I hope girls in our own Canadian west will speedily wake up to their opportunities along this line. Already in the boys' and girls' clubs they are doing a fine line of work, in hog raising, corn growing and poultry, and the feeding and showing of steers or heifers at the spring shows would be just one step further. Women and girls both should try and get into sheep breeding. It takes very few to start and the increase is so rapid to say nothing of the profit in wool.

Of course, there is a big domestic science section at the International, and lectures and demonstrations go on every day. The rooms are located in part of the amphitheatre building Domestic Science quite close to the judging rings. I used to come and go half-a-dozen times in a day. Never had time to hear a whole lecture but never paused in there even for five minutes without learning something useful. No matter what was going on, those seats were always full, and someone was either asking a question or having it answered.

I hope I have not bored my readers by all this gossip about the International live stock show. By the way, a little incident in agricultural education in our own country came to me the other day from the agricultural school at Olds, Alberta. Lady Gwendoline Guinness was visiting the school and going into the blacksmith shop; she was surprised and delighted to find a sweet-faced young woman in leather apron making horse shoes. Probably she was still more surprised when stopping to chat with her she learned that she was a "B.A." from Alberta University. Her father and brothers have gone to war and she has been managing their big farm. Finding that she needed more practical and theoretical training, she secured a manager for the farm for the winter, and is taking the winter course at Olds, the full course including blacksmithing and woodwork. After making horse shoes and fitting them on, she will be in a much better position to know whether the horses on the big farm are properly shod.

When properly made and eaten in moderation, pie is a wholesome food. But how seldom are its crusts and filling prepared with that care which is necessary to produce a digestible dish. A simple rule for pastry is the following: To every six large tablespoonfuls of flour add three ordinary tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix together with a knife, stir in seven tablespoonfuls of ice water and mix again. Add a little lemon juice. Then proceed as for any ordinary rule. This recipe does not contain as much butter as most pie-crust rules, and therefore is not so rich. The touch of lemon juice, however, gives the needed tenderness.

Classified Page for the People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

Help Wanted

WANTED—Farmer agents to handle Cream Separators; good proposition. Dominion-Reid Separator Co., 80 Lombard Street, Winnipeg. 1-17

WANTED—By bachelor, young married couple; man for farm work and woman as housekeeper. H. C. Becker, Elardee, Sask. 1-17

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A RARE OPPORTUNITY—Comfortable living, home sewing, plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers' Sewing, Rehoboth, Del. 2-17

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SILVER BLACK AND PATCH FOXES—Pairs or single. Also reds from black litters. Write your wants, for description and low price. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, King's Co., N. S. 1-17

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STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

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IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your property, write me. John J. Black, Desk B, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 1-17

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FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My Special Offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. "Investing for Profit" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 550-20 Jackson Bldg., Chicago. 12-1-17

HAVE YOU a poor education? Well, you needn't keep on having it. Our Beginners' Course starts you right at the first in arithmetic, grammar, composition, etc., so simple any one can understand it. Write for information, Canadian Correspondence College Limited, Dept. W.H.M., Toronto, Canada. 1-17

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A GREAT REMEDY—DR. HENDERSON'S Herb Treatment, in tablet form, will cure rheumatism, constipation, eczema, stomach trouble, kidney and liver trouble; three months' treatment, with our certified guarantee, for one dollar, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina avenue, Toronto; agents wanted. 2-17

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FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old-established firm. Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 6 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

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FREE-AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—You are not getting the best results. Put yourself under the care of experts. Send two negatives and we will send samples free, together with price list. Developing 10 cents, prints from 2 1/2 cents up, post cards 50 cents per dozen. We pay return postage. The Gas City Photo Co., Photo Supplies for the Amateur, Medicine Hat, Alta. T.F.

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We will ship only in boxes containing 100 pounds each, and we will make no charge for boxes. Order only in units of 100 pounds. We have abandoned the shipping in sacks because the fish shipped in boxes are less liable to damage and the goods arrive in better condition.

Many of our lakes do not contain all the varieties of fish, so when ordering please observe the following instructions:

ORDER 100 POUNDS OF ANY VARIETY OF FISH, OR

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Omitting from Mixed Boxes any Variety not required

We have receiving and shipping stations at which we handle the fish from all principal lakes in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, thereby enabling us to fill orders from the nearest point to your home.

When ordering, if you give Post Office, Township and Range, as well as Railway Station, it will help us and may save you freight.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS, and we advise having goods shipped by freight. State whether freight or express.

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Fishing Through Ice

By Aubrey Fullerton

Some of the fish that will be served to the British soldiers in the trenches this winter, under the new commissariat arrangements recently announced, will be tasty whitefish from the lakes of Alberta and Manitoba. During the summer months fish from these waters were sent as far east as Toronto, and also to a number of American cities in the western States. Those that will now be shipped across the Atlantic, however, and to the various markets at home, will be winter-caught fish, frozen almost from the time they leave the water.

Fishing in the winter has not the sound of an inviting sport, but as a business it is proving well worth while. It means, of course, fishing through the ice, in weather that is sometimes very near to misery, and under as generally uncomfortable conditions as can well be imagined.

The fish that are secured in this way are of even better quality than those caught in the summer. They are firm, meaty, and well flavored, and the supply is large. From Lesser Slave Lake alone 740,000 pounds of fish, the quantity provided for by the law, will be taken out this season. A still larger catch will be made on Lake Winnipeg. The Indians of the northwest have for years depended upon their winter fishing for a great part of their living, and latterly the white men have been following their example.

When the northern fisherman goes a-fishing in the winter, he carries axe and shovel besides his nets. He has first to clear away the surface snow, and then to cut an opening in the ice large enough to let the net through. A hundred feet



Fishing through the Ice

or more away he cuts another hole in the same way; and then, having put the net through the first one and secured it at the end, he waits till the current of the water carries its other end down to the second opening, where he picks it up, pulls it tight, and makes it secure. His net is then ready for service under the ice, just where the fish will run into it.

The fisherman repeats this process as many times as he has nets to set, then goes away till the morrow. When he comes back the next day, he has simply to pull his nets in and remove the fish from them, after which he re-sets them as before.

The ice that covers the fishing-grounds with a thick, cold pavement has the advantage of making transportation easier, for it provides an open road in all directions. The fish are loaded into boxes and carried on big sleds to the warehouses on shore, where they are packed for shipment to market. It is necessary, however, to keep the trails across the ice clear of snow, and sometimes this is a matter of considerable difficulty. On Lake Winnipeg, for instance, heavy snow-ploughs are almost constantly in use as adjuncts to the winter fishing industry.

Sometimes a courageous fisherman tries a day's fishing through the ice on some one of the many small lakes scattered all through the Canadian provinces. If the weather is more than usually cold, he builds himself a little shelter on the ice, and there waits for his nets to fill. It is the kind of fishing that most people would consider too arduous for sport, but others who are more patient, and more willing to endure discomfort, declare it to be good fun, whether on a small scale or a large one.

Broken bits of licorice sprinkled about pantry shelves will, it is said, banish red ants. Borax is also useful, the crystal and not the powder being preferred.

Hereditary Unsoundnesses in Horses

In seeking for size, quality, speed and other desirable qualities, several weaknesses have been allowed to creep in, and by overlooking them for generations these weaknesses have been intensified; hence it is absolutely necessary to discriminate severely against the unsound sire, even though he be a very good individual in every other respect. It is often questioned whether hereditary unsoundnesses materially lessen the market value of a horse. However, each of the unsoundnesses generally accepted as hereditary depreciate the market value of a horse from 25 to 75 per cent, depending on the stage of development of that particular unsoundness at the time of sale. Unsound horses showing no lameness and ordinarily passed as sound by the average man are subjected to approximately the following cuts, as estimated by a member of Chicago horse market operators:

Sidebone, \$25; ringbone, \$50; small bone spavin, \$20; small curb, \$15; large curb, \$30; thoroughpin, \$10 to 25; bog spavin, \$5 to \$30; cock ankle, \$50 to \$75.

When a horse reaches the market his value is based upon the service he can render, and this value is measured in dollars and cents, not sentiment. Farmers—the men who usually own from 1 mare to 8 mares—are the men who produce practically 90 per cent of all the horses in this country. These men watch carefully the cattle market, the hog market, and other farm products markets, but few keep a close watch on horse market conditions. Few farmer-horsemen are familiar with the various guarantees that go with horses sold on the market, and fewer still realize the fact that these various guarantees are based largely on the question of soundness. Furthermore, 75 to 90 per cent of the unsound horses which find their way to the market are hereditarily unsound. It behooves every horse-owner to keep in closer touch with the horse markets and the general situation of the horse business if he hopes to secure the greatest profits.

Every horse-raiser should visit one of the larger horse markets at least once each year. By so doing he will get a broader understanding of the horse business; he will realize more fully that there is a demand for certain classes of horses, while for others there is no particular demand, and he will learn more fully to appreciate the value of soundness. Recently on the Kansas City market a big, smooth gelding guaranteed to be "serviceably sound" sold in less than one minute for \$310. A few minutes later another big, young gelding, at first sight apparently just as good in every respect as the one just mentioned, but offered under the guarantee, "wind and work," sold for \$127.50. The second gelding sold cheaply because he had a bone spavin or jack on one hind leg. This bony enlargement, which is often overlooked or excused as only a "bump," made this big, smooth young gelding sell for less than half what he would have brought had he been sound. Furthermore, soundness is as necessary in light horses as in heavy horses. A smooth, topky four-year-old road mare with a ringbone sold for \$40, while a five-year-old, just as smooth and topky with a bone spavin, sold for \$47.50. The pair brought \$87.50 simply because they were unsound, while a brown gelding, not so attractive as either of the mares mentioned, but sound, sold a few minutes later for \$140.

Hereditary or transmissible unsoundnesses are big factors in lessening the profits of horse breeders. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost each year simply through a lack of attention to and neglect of this problem. If the mare-owner will appreciate the value of soundness in the brood mare and will persistently and resolutely refuse to use the hereditarily unsound mare as well as the hereditarily unsound stallion for breeding purposes wonderful results may be obtained in a short time in eradicating unsoundnesses.

If the horse producer will but give the care, attention and intelligent study demanded there is no class of live stock that will return such certain profits as horses of the right kind. The first requisite of the right kind of horse is soundness. Such horses can be produced only from sires and dams free from hereditary unsoundnesses or an inherited predisposition to them. The successful breeder divests himself of all sentiment, and appreciates all defects which predispose to unsoundness in both sire and dam.

Manitoba Agricultural College

Short Courses in Dairying

Home Dairy Course Factory Cheese Makers' Course Creamery Butter Makers' Course

Commencing on February 5th, 1917, and extending over a period of three weeks, the following short courses in Dairying will be held at Manitoba Agricultural College:

For farmers' sons and daughters a course in Home Dairy work will be given. Home Dairy butter-making, care and ripening of cream, running of hand separators, and the making of soft cheese are among the subjects to be taken up.

A course for Factory Cheese-Makers and another course for Creamery Butter-Makers. Included in these courses will be lectures and practical work on Creamery butter-making, Cheddar cheese-making, milk and cream testing, and milk, cream, cheese and butter grading. Sufficient time will be spent in Engineering to qualify those in attendance to write on third class engineering papers at the close of the session.

Write for folder giving full particulars.

J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A., Pres., Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

Pro Pelle Cutem

Being a Description of the Indian Fur Trade in the McKenzie River District By P. S. Camsell

SINCE the days of Henry Hudson, discoverer of Hudson's Bay, the fur trade has tempted men into the wilderness, and in justice to the pioneers of the days of the second Charles, let it be said that their hardship was endured not alone for material gain, but in search of adventure and romance, which has been a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race from time immemorial.

"Pro Pelle Cutem" (skin for skin), the Hudson's Bay Company's motto is peculiarly apt. The origination of the motto, no doubt, was connected with the dangers and hardships of the trade. The skin of a man for the skin of a beast is the literal interpretation. Certainly in the last two hundred years the fur trade has taken its toll of human life.

The first trading posts were established on Hudson's Bay and gradually extended westward and northward until even in the beginning of the nineteenth century ports were established in the uttermost parts of Northern Canada.

The Forts along the McKenzie river were established soon after Sir Alexander McKenzie made his exploration trip from Fort Chipiwyon down the Slave and McKenzie rivers to the Arctic Coast, in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

In the early days the McKenzie river trading outfits were brought from England by sailing vessels to York Factory (present Fort Nelson) on Hudson's Bay by York boat to Lake Winnipeg, then up the Saskatchewan and through a chain of lakes and rivers to the Long Portage, on the Clear Water river, which empties into the Athabasca at Fort McMurray. Take a map of Canada and you will get a very good idea of the route followed. The Long Portage (12 miles) is situated midway between Prince Albert and Fort McMurray and is the height of land dividing the waters emptying into Hudson's Bay from those flowing into the Arctic Ocean.

Here was the rendezvous where the brigades from the Athabasca and McKenzie river districts met the boats from Norway House on Lake Winnipeg. Here the winter catch of furs was exchanged for the next season's trading outfit. Every piece of goods, every bale of fur was packed over these twelve long miles on a man's back. Two hundred pounds was the load. It was no job for a weakling, but the North-bred strong men.

The trip by York boat from the McKenzie river district to the Portage and return occupied the entire summer. Starting from Fort Simpson, one thousand miles north of Edmonton, in June, the expedition towed, rowed and sailed up the McKenzie, across Great Slave Lake, up the Slave river to Lake Athabasca, across the North-eastern corner of the lake, thence up the Athabasca and Clear Water Rivers to the meeting place at Long Portage; then back again arriving home in the late fall. Roughly, the distance for the round trip was two thousand miles.

In later years when the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed to Edmonton, the ancient highway was abandoned for the shorter route up the Athabasca to Athabasca Landing, one hundred miles north of Edmonton, from whence the mode of transportation was by team freight to the terminus of the railway. Still later, the Canadian Northern Railway built into Athabasca Landing, at last connecting the waterways of the North with the railways of civilization. By that time the Hudson's Bay Company were operating steamers from Fort McMurray to Smith's Landing and from Fort Smith to Fort McPherson, on the Peel river, near the northern edge of the continent, leaving only the river from Fort McMurray to Athabasca Landing to be covered in the old way. This part of the river is unnavigable for steamers on account of ninety miles of rapids which intervene.

The days of York boat transportation were, however, the palmy days of the fur trade; when the chief factor in charge of the district was the autocratic ruler of a million square miles of territory, and it was surprising what a small amount of cleverness was allowed to develop, considering the absolute absence of governmental machinery. It spoke volumes

for the strong moral character of the officers and men of the ancient company. We see once again exemplified the spirit of the true British bulldog breed, insisting on their own rights and prerogatives, but respecting the rights of others. These characteristics are those which have made the British the most successful rulers of subject races. There was and is a very insistent prevalent impression that a great many Hudson's Bay Company officials were what is commonly known as "squaw men," i.e., living with Indian wives without the formality of a marriage ceremony. This is an altogether erroneous belief. It is true that numbers of them married Indian wives, but almost in every case the union was legalized according to church law.

The method of trading with the Indians until a few years ago was the same system which obtained at the time of Sir Alexander McKenzie. The "made beaver," commonly called "skin," was the medium of exchange.

The value of all furs was appraised in "made beaver"; which, in the McKenzie district, was not represented by any outward and visible sign. There was no coinage of any kind. So many made beaver were placed to the credit of the



Peter

hunter on the books of the company and he was allowed to take goods from the store until his credit was exhausted. The made beaver had a varying value, depending on the merchandise given in exchange; for example, one pound of tea was worth one "skin," the cost landed at Fort Simpson being approximately 60 cents. On the other hand four small boxes of matches, costing about 15 cents, were sold for a skin. These prices were arrived at on the basis of necessities and non-necessities. I won't say luxuries. The Indian received much better value for his furs in the purchase of necessary articles. In this can be seen the paternal hand of the company.

On the McKenzie the native was obliged to bring his catch to the fort for trade, but further south, where other traders had invaded the field, the practice of fur running was forced in. The trapper would bring word of his hunt to the fort and a fur runner would be sent out to make the purchase and bring in the fur. Many exciting races were run in the quest of furs and many were the schemes practised to outwit the other fellow.

A description of the Company's dealings with one of their best hunters would perhaps be of interest as giving a picture of trading methods. We will call the hunter Peter. His Indian name is unspellable and unpronounceable. Peter has been given one hundred "skins" credit to outfit him for his winter hunt. He is a safe risk and no security of any kind

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is taken. Peter has none to give except his word, which is as good as his bond. He stays away two months, returning just before Christmas. He arrives at the fort driving his dog team of three "giddies" (Indian dogs) and a battered old sled. Coming into the house he takes off his hat and sits down on the floor. Then he takes out his pipe and gazes significantly into the empty bowl; he hasn't had a smoke for three weeks—think of it, you lovers of the weed. With a smile the factor hands over his tobacco pouch and Peter proceeds to load up.

Next he goes over to the fire place and spears a live coal on the end of his knife, then he is ready for conversation.

"Well, Peter, what kind of a hunt did you have?"

"Not very good."

Peter is lying and he knows the factor is aware of it. He has had one of the best hunts of his life. The factor, however, is a little bit worried.

"What did you get?"

"Oh, one or two martin and mink and a few beaver and foxes, about fifty skins." As he had received one hundred skins

in "debt" the factor looks disappointed, but noting the canny look in Peter's eye he cheers up.

"Well, we will take a look at your catch to-morrow; in the meantime put your sled in the fur store for safe keeping."

The next morning Peter comes around about 9:30 and they go over to the store. The sled wrapper is opened up and discloses to view a goodly assortment of mink, martin, foxes, etc. The factor begins to cheer up. Peter has been having his little joke. The furs are sorted out, minks in one pile, martins in another, and so on. Then they are counted and it is found the catch includes forty martin, twenty-five mink, thirty beaver, ten foxes, three otter, five fisher, and three bear skins; five hundred and six made beaver in all. The skin of each animal has a set value regardless of its quality, so that there is no haggling over prices. Besides, the Company is the only buyer. These conditions obtained some years ago. I understand the method of appraisal is now different.

After the counting is done they go over to the merchandise store and Peter's name is entered on the books showing a credit of four hundred and six made beaver; his debt having been deducted.

Then he proceeds to do his buying. First, he wants ten pounds of tea, and spreads out a very dirty red cotton handkerchief for its reception. The Company supplies no wrapping paper. Next he wants some powder and ball, and twenty plugs of tobacco. He doesn't know where to put this, so pulls out his shirt and ties it in a knot in one corner.

ing that the still "must be thrown into the river." He first tied a stout rope to it, on the other end of the rope he tied a piece of wood. Then, so there would be no lack of evidence, he invited the population of the fort—including the resident missionaries—to the river bank. Carefully concealing the rope. The still was duly "thrown into the river" in full view of everyone, but the same night Sandy rowed out to the spot where the improvised buoy floated on the surface and drew back his precious still to safety.

But to get back to the fur trade story. In the spring a few days before the departure of the boats for the south, the furs are put up in bales weighing about one hundred pounds each. The method of baling is as follows: The skins are first placed carefully in a large wooden press, designed to hold a bale eighteen inches by three feet. On top is placed a heavy wooden beam secured on one side with a rawhide rope and projecting out from the other side about ten feet; then a heavy pressure is brought to bear on this end until the bale is pressed down tightly, after which it is bound with rawhide thongs—three wooden staves being placed on top and bottom to keep the binding from cutting the fur. Meanwhile another stave has been branded with the number of the bale and letters designating the district and fort. This is then driven in under the thongs and the package is ready for its long journey to the Company's warehouse in London, England, where they are auctioned off at the annual fur sale.

The next time we see Mr. Martin or



Temperature rarely above 90 or below 60 at Los Indios, Isle of Pines

Here vegetable growers, fruit planters and all-round farmers find no snow, frost, sleet or hail to spoil their winter fruits and vegetables.

Soil and climate specially suited for growing **Big-Profit Fruits**—grape fruit, lemons, avocados, etc. Los Indios, a short distance from

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Throughout Canada there are owners of Los Indios farms. Write us for their names.

Make this year's prosperity your insurance against another year's possible adversity. Invest in a snug little Isle of Pines fruit and vegetable farm—where life is ideal and work profitable—and the future of your family is secured.

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There's full generous weight in every ton of the economical, slow-burning **KING** coal. Place your order now. Prompt delivery guaranteed. Ask for our monthly picture calendar.

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Newly equipped Belgian Army preparing for the launching of a great offensive. Photo shows the auxiliary sub-lieutenants at a military field instruction camp jumping over the handicaps with their mounts.

Next he wants matches; having no convenient receptacle he places them in his cap and goes bareheaded. And so the trading goes on until Peter has exhausted his imagination and decides to let the balance stand to his credit. The next day he leaves for his hunting grounds and is not seen again until the following April, coming in on the last ice.

A paternal government does not permit the sale of spirituous liquor to the Canadian Indian and the McKenzie river Indian is no exception to the rule. Only a limited supply of liquor is permitted to be imported into the country, each white man being allowed the privilege of importing not more than five gallons, under a special permit, which is issued at the discretion of the department. This limited quantity, however, did not satisfy the demand of one old Scotchman at Fort Simpson, who had been brought up in the distillery section of Scotland. Although from the number of Scotch whiskeys advertised one gathers that the whole of Scotland is one vast distillery. However, to get back to the story, this old chap decided to install a miniature distillery of his own and did so, making a very fair brand of whiskey. As far as he knew the law contained no provision prohibiting the manufacture of liquor in the country.

The still had been in operation a couple of years when an official order was received from the Hudson's Bay Company's commission in Winnipeg, commanding that the still "must be thrown into the river." It was a sad day for "Sandy." He studied the order carefully many times and at last thought he had discovered a loophole in the very definite word-

Mink he is decorating the fair feminine forms of New York, London or Paris. During the transition from Peter's sled to their ultimate destination they increase wonderfully in value; the difference accounting for the very satisfactory dividends which the shareholders of the Company are permitted to enjoy.

I am afraid, however, that neither Mr. Shareholder nor my lady realize the hardships, loneliness and dangers gone through in order to satisfy their desires.

Good Attendance at Manitoba Short Courses

The attendance of students at the various two weeks' short courses being put on in Manitoba this winter promises to be large. The first course of the series has just been completed at Whitemouth. This is in a district east of Winnipeg where, up to the present, there has not been a great deal of organized activity along lines of agricultural education. The enrollment there was over 40. At the Brandon course devoted exclusively to field crops, the enrollment of young men is expected to be about 60 or more, while at Winkler more than 60 men and 40 women are expected to attend. The list of places to be visited by these short courses this season are as follows: Whitemouth, Beausejour, Winkler, Brandon (two separate schools), Souris, Deloraine, Killarney, Boissevain, Gilbert Plains, Plumus, McCreary, St. Pierre, Holland, Portage la Prairie, Langruth and Birtle.

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Demand now very keen for all goods in my line. Write for Price List. Prompt advances made on shipments against Bill of Lading, when requested.

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171 James St. E.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

A "Happy New Year in the Poultry World," more chickens and better chickens raised in 1917 than in 1916. This should be our slogan, as the demand for good poultry and eggs has increased and will continue to do so in the future. Canadian poultry products are making a good name for themselves in the English markets—one consignment has already gone from Winnipeg direct to the Old Country. Therefore, the keeping over winter of a sufficient number of hens, good laying stock, should be impressed upon all poultry raisers this New Year. Prices for chickens are high and feed grains a most expensive item, therefore, the temptation to deplete the farm stock is great—"withhold the axe" and plan for the future. The egg crop for 1917 must be considered and two chickens should be raised where one graced the earth last season.

Our Canadian egg and poultry supply need not diminish in these war times of need. The man on the Western farm

more young, well matured pullets are being shipped into market than usual, which is certainly regrettable and a short-sighted policy on the part of the grower. The fattening of 2,800 chickens for the Christmas trade at the Manitoba Agricultural College must have been an interesting sight and quite an achievement. They are such beauties when finished and the flesh of a chicken will almost melt in the mouth. Certainly the fattening station is here to stay and will solve the problem of putting a properly fattened bird on the market instead of the half-fed specimens so often sent in to the dealers, who are complaining of "skinny chickens" as usual this fall.

January is not too early to secure good male birds for the spring. Birds should be selected and orders placed to be filled when the weather moderates in the spring.

Valuable breeding stock should never be shipped in zero weather in this country. Undoubtedly good cockerels of the



Upper—Side view of the powerful French tractor which builds trenches and constructs breastworks as it travels along. The photo gives an intimate view of some of the mechanism which does the work and shows French soldiers operating the machine.

Lower—Rear view of the tractor, showing huge scoops which remove dirt, and other parts of the mechanism which does the work of scores of men.

can surely devise some means of feeding his hens on a paying basis. New laid eggs on December 1 fetched 75 cents per dozen in all the markets, including the Farmers' Market, Winnipeg. Frosted or shrunken wheat makes a good grain feed for laying hens, especially if buried deep in their litter on the floor of the hen-house.

One of the cheapest and best mashes can be made with bran mixed with vegetable matter of any kind, adding some chop as a change. Even turnips will be eaten with relish by the fowls and refuse cabbage and mangels all save the feed bill from getting too big for profit. Every small potato and all household scraps should be added to the mash. Peelings of all kinds I use this way. On a cold day a great pan of small potatoes baked in the oven and fed at noon to the laying hens will make them sing a merry lay at once. Judging from reports there is plenty of injured grain in the country and no better use can be made of it than keeping the pullets and year-old hens over winter. Dealers say many

utility breeds—barred rocks and orpingtons—the kind of fowl the farmer should have, will be scarce when the breeding season opens.

An event of more than passing interest to all lovers of pure bred birds of high degree will be the big annual poultry show which takes place next month in Winnipeg. The Winnipeg Poultry Association is doing very good work in Manitoba fostering the poultry industry in every way. An energetic staff of officers is working on all the necessary arrangements to make the show "the best ever." Western farmers and their wives attending the farmers' convention at the Manitoba Agricultural College should make a point of visiting the show. Here they will have an opportunity of securing the best breeding stock in the country.

If a glass stopper sticks, put around it a little olive oil, and in an hour or so, if it still sticks, place the whole bottle in warm water and tap the stopper gently on either side. It is sure to come out.

ARE YOU A MILLER?



No? Well, that makes no difference. You can run a Vessot "Champion" grinder just as well as any miller could. With it you can save the miller's profit on all kinds of grinding—flax, barley, corn, crushed ear corn, oats, wheat, rye, peas, buckwheat, screenings, mixed grain, or any kind of feed stuff, fine or coarse as desired.

This grinder cleans grain as well as it grinds. The spout that carries the grain to the grinder is made with two sieves, a coarse one above and a fine one below. The coarse sieve catches nails, sticks and stones, but lets the grain fall through. The fine sieve holds the grain but takes out all sand and dirt. The grain passes to the grinding plates as clean as grain can be.

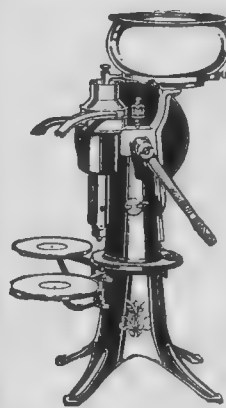
And it comes from the plates well ground. Vessot plates have such a reputation for good work that we have had to protect our customers and ourselves by placing the trade mark "SV" on all the plates. Look for it on the plates you buy. It marks the genuine high grade Vessot plate.

To do its best work a Vessot grinder should be run by the steady power of a Mogul kerosene engine. Then you have an outfit that cannot be beat for good work or economy. Write us a card so that we can send you catalogues of these good machines.

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January 16th to February 20th, 1917

LECTURES—On all phases of Poultry Production and Marketing.

LABORATORY WORK—Judging Live and Dressed Poultry; Candling and Grading Market Eggs; Operation of Incubators and Brooders; Building Trap Nests, Shipping Coops and Colony Houses; Study of Poultry Diseases, etc.

PRACTICAL WORK—Each student will have one pen of laying hens to look after, fatten one crate of chickens and prepare them for market, operate one incubator and brooder.

A Special Invitation is Extended to the Farmer's Wife or Daughter Who Has the Care of the Farm Flock

This Course is especially intended to stimulate Poultry Keeping on the Farm. The British Market is calling for more and better Canadian Eggs. One Hundred Hens are required on every Canadian farm to produce the Eggs needed. Better houses, better stock, better care of the farm hens will Make Poultry Keeping Pay. Write for further particulars to

J. B. REYNOLDS, M. A., President Manitoba Agricultural College
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Around the Fireplace

This is the first of another—a new year. Three hundred and sixty-five days for us to dwell in the depths of despair or on the heights of happiness. A marked contrast, you exclaim! Yes, it is true, and is just the reason I want every one of our young girls and women to gather around the fireplace of The Western Home Monthly for a heart-to-heart talk on our needs for the coming

pensive social gatherings, and luxurious cars, and soon ruins her husband's ambitions in the business world by her demands. His physical and mental vitality are weakened in the struggle to meet the wants of his wife.

Now what she really needs is a cozy home which she is capable of managing. Her preparation for marriage should be based on the needs of successful home managing. Home should be a place

fied but has no exercise or sunshine is useless.

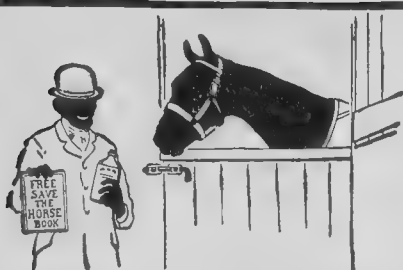
I shall mention four internal needs. First, proper guidance; second gratitude for the opportunity to develop to work; third, thoughtful preparation; fourth, sacrifice. All these elements cultivated will make any girl successful, and popular.

Have we taken time to decide in our girlhood whether we want to go up or down? It may seem harder to go up hill than down. Of course, one can roll down hill very easily, and the nearer one is to the bottom the faster she goes. But there is an exhilarating fascination in the effort of climbing up hill—and once we start up the desire grows toward greater heights. Then there are beautiful resting places on the way up where one may stop for a moment to catch inspirational visions of wonderful landscapes. There is such a difference between the vision at the top of a hill and the view at the bottom. At the bottom one is cramped. At the top there is always plenty of room.

When Elizabeth Fry was eighteen years old she felt the need of proper guidance. She wrote these rules. They are worth while for every girl to copy:

First—Never lose any time; I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. Second—Never err the least in truth. Third—Never say an ill thing of a person when I can say a good thing; not only speak charitably, but feel so. Fourth—Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. Fifth—Never indulge myself in luxuries that are not necessary. Sixth—Do all things with consideration, and when my path to act right is most difficult, put confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist me, and exert my own powers as far as they go.

Is it any wonder that she became a woman with world-wide fame, idolized for her wonderful work in the reformation of prisoners? One time, when she feared she could not accomplish what she should—as she was the mother of eleven children, she said: "Here I am a careworn wife and mother outwardly, but I believe these trials have been very useful to me." Her timidity before an audience is expressed in this way: "I find it an awful thing to rise amongst a large assembly, and, unless much covered with love and power, hardly know how to venture." She seemed always to be "covered with love and power," for



This Book and This Bottle Makes Him \$800

Ogden, Ia., April 28, 1915.

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—I have used Save-The-Horse for years and I never found any case but it would do just what you claim for it. At present I have a horse I want to race and want your advice and another book. I lost or mislaid mine. The last time I bothered you your advice and treatment did the work, and I sold the horse for \$800. Yours truly, H. S. HELPHRY.

Do you know HOW simply, comprehensively and authoritatively our FREE "Save-The-Horse BOOK" clinches the diagnosing and TREATMENT of all lameness?

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The greatest-of-all remedies is sold with a signed Contract-Bond to return money if it fails on Ringbone, Thoropin, SPAVIN, or ANY Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof, or Tendon Disease. Every year, for over 21 years, thousands of stubborn and supposedly incurable cases are cured by SAVE-THÉ-HORSE after all other methods failed. Be prepared! Write today for Save-The-Horse BOOK, sample of contract and expert veterinary advice—ALL FREE. Keep a bottle of SAVE-THÉ-HORSE always on hand for emergency.

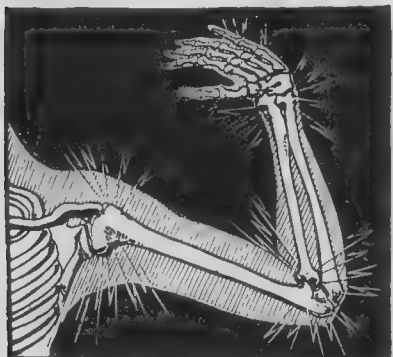
TROY CHEMICAL CO., 142 Van Horn St. (Made in Canada) Toronto, Ont. Druggists Everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with CONTRACT, or we send by Parcel Post or Express Paid.

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case."

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 803C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y."

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

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We have such marvelous records of reduction in weight in hundreds of cases with our ADIPO Treatment, that we decided, 50c. Box FREE for a limited time, to give a 50c. Box of ADIPO to all persons (either sex) who are too fat. We want to prove that ADIPO will take fat off any part of the body in a pleasant and absolutely harmless way, without dieting, exercising or interfering with your usual habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles, that so often come with obesity, improve as you reduce. Don't take our word for it, let us prove it at our expense. Write to-day for a Free 50c. Box of ADIPO and interesting illustrated book: "Why Most

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A Creed

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Nellie McClung

I believe in God.

I believe that God having made the world, at great expense of time and care will not lightly repudiate His own work and leave us to our own devices, even though He may be out of patience with us many times. I am encouraged to believe this because I have noticed that mortal men count the cost before undertaking the things that are much less important than world building.

I believe that there is a plan in life for each of us. I believe this because I want to believe it for it makes things easier for all of us, inasmuch as the pain the dentist or the surgeon causes us is easier to bear than would be the wanton buffeting of an ill-natured bully.

I believe in the ultimate goodness of humanity; that everybody is doing the best they can; that many people are thoughtless, but few are wicked.

I believe in the dignity of labor. All kinds, even my own.

I believe there is nothing too good to be true.

I believe in you.

I believe in myself.

I believe.

year. You know there is a vast difference between our needs and our wants. Very often our wants are satisfied at the sacrifice of our needs and the result may shape itself into tragedy. Mary, who works for four dollars a week wants a pair of thin silk stockings—she needs a good nourishing dinner, but she buys the silk stockings and eats a cream puff and five cents worth of candy for her meal, and soon Mary is ill for want of nourishment and warm footwear.

We girls all want more than we need. Homes are wrecked and poverty breeds in the effort to satisfy wants instead of needs.

A girl prepares for marriage. She expects costly furniture, fine clothes, ex-

where her husband can rest and gain inspiration for advancement in his work. A recent article informs us that the real giants in the business world are great home men. Their homes while elegant are quiet. They are not club men—they are usually home evenings. It is their employees—men on the fringe of the business who use up their vitality in high living. James J. Hill is a splendid example of the successful man inspired by the ideal home life.

All girls have two kinds of needs—internal and external needs. We need internal nourishment in an external atmosphere of sunshine and warmth. A girl who has her internal needs satis-

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

she prayed much and studied her Bible carefully, and her addresses melted alike crowned heads and criminals in chains.

The attractive woman is one whose personality charms in a saving way, and a girl's personality will fascinate if it is charged with that love that comes by association with the Higher Power.

Elizabeth Fry could win hearts almost at the first glance—the sound of her voice touched the depths of hungry hearts and filled them with a great desire. At the age of forty her work in prison reform was known around the world. The authorities of Russia wrote her for suggestions, letters came to her from Denmark, Paris, and elsewhere, asking for counsel, till it required the time of two of her daughters to answer her correspondence on prison reform. Alexander of Russia called her "one of the wonders of the age."

Once when she travelled on a ship where women prisoners were being transported, the captain said of her: "Who could resist this beautiful, persuasive, and heavenly-minded woman? To see her was to love her; to hear her was to feel as if a guardian angel had bid you follow that teaching which alone could subdue the temptations and evils of life."

Naturally timid, always in frail health, sometimes misunderstood, even in the highest motives, she lived a heroic life, and initiated a great prison reform in Europe.

When she was at the height of popularity and newspapers spoke of her in highest praise, she wrote this in her journal: "I am ready to say, in the fullness of my heart, surely it is the Lord's doing; so many providential openings of various kinds. Oh! if good should result, may the praise and glory of the whole be entirely given where it is due by us and by all, in deep humiliation."

The needs of humanity are as great as ever, waiting for the ministration of such noble women as Elizabeth Fry, and they who are familiar with the lives of great women recognize the fact that their lives were directed by Divine leadership. The first need in a girl's life is recognition of the right guide. Living near the Great Personality.

The second need—gratitude for opportunity. We do not half appreciate the value of the opportunity to work. This calls for expression of the very best in us. To every one comes opportunity but often we are too blind with the vision of our wants to recognize opportunity.

Many young women belittle their employment by going to it in the spirit of martyrs who pity themselves, or by bringing to it merely the mercenary motive. Self pity is the badge of weakness, and work done for money alone, is never noble work. This spirit more than anything else prevents a girl from seeing her opportunity, for often the opportunity presents itself at the recognition of faithfulness and diligence.

Gratitude is everyday grace we say to God.

Did you ever see a grateful girl who was not cheerful?

No-matter how monotonous your work is be glad.

"Thank God for the one who is cheerful
In spite of life's troubles, I say;
Who sings of a brighter to-morrow
Because of the clouds of to-day.
Her life is a beautiful sermon,
And this is the lesson to me:
Meet trials with smiles and they vanish,
Face cares with a song and they flee."

The grateful girl is popular—she is not always fretting over her wants, and after all most of our gloomy moods are caused from wishing for wants instead of needs.

In the lives of girls who become famous women the principal lesson we learn from their girlhood is their desire for usefulness, and in working with this idea in mind they found the opportunity that made them famous.

Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Her work was hard and monotonous, but she brought sunshine into the whole factory and has blessed thousands of lives by her songs of gratitude.



Although the trenches and different fighting lines are connected by telephone, telegraph and wireless, and other convenient methods employed in sending dispatches, the pioneer of the class is still at work. Pigeons are a necessary adjunct to an army. Photo shows a pigeon house on wheels in Northern Macedonia. Every one of the pigeons is a reliable messenger. Pigeons carried dispatches centuries before the telephone and telegraph were heard of or thought of, that alone is convincing enough to some minds of its reliability.

First she put little quotations near her in the factory and thought of them while she worked. Then they became a part of her and filled her mind with such beauty and strength that she became a poet herself and was known as the poetess of the factory. Every one of us has cause to be thankful

"For the little poem that points a way
To the joy we all may find;
For the soft refrain that has lulled the pain

Of a vexed and jaded mind;
For the distant glimpse of the sunlit hills
Through a dusky street of town;

For the hues that fly to the Western sky
When the sun is going down;
For the sweet surprise or the bit of cheer

That has flashed across my way—
Just the little things that a moment brings
I will give my thanks to-day."

Genius cannot develop in ease and prosperity.

Third—A girl needs thoughtful pre-

Kirstin Horse Power Puller



The Kirstin is the best on the market. I pulled 2000 stumps, some running as high as 50 inches in diameter and we averaged about ten minutes per stump.
ALEX. ZACHARIA,
Sandy Lake, Man.

60 stumps in 100 minutes. Record made by Kirstin Horse Power Puller under official test at the Land Clearing Demonstration of the University of Wisconsin.

Yank Out Those Stumps!

A Guaranteed Saving of from 10% to 50% in Clearing Land Ready for the Plow.

The rich crop pictured above, is growing on what was a tax-eating stump field. The owner got it ready for the plow the Quickest, Cheapest and Best Way—with the Kirstin Method.

Thousands of Canadian farmers have increased the productive value of their land a hundred-fold by clearing the Kirstin way. You do the same. Stop paying taxes on worthless stump fields; make them earn money for you—get a

Send
To-day
For This
Book

Guaranteed
for 15 Years

Kirstin Stump Puller

One Man — Horse Power

A Money
Back Bond

No deeply imbedded tap-root is too big for the Kirstin Horse Power Puller. Its mighty strength is irresistible because of its triple power and other exclusive Kirstin features. It will clear more than two acres at one setting without strain to man, horse or machine. For 21 years it has proved its invincibility on Southern stump fields.

One man without horses can pull the biggest stumps, too, with the Kirstin One Man Stump Puller. A little push on the handle gives tons of pull on the stump. This enormous power is de-

veloped by use of double leverage. It gives an ordinary 17-year-old farm boy a giant's power.

There is a machine for every need, from the smallest land clearing job to the biggest. Every customer is given a Guarantee Bond that The Kirstin Method will clear your land and make it ready for the plow at a cost from 10% to 50% cheaper than any other. Every Kirstin Puller is guaranteed against breakage for 15 years. Every puller is sent on 10 days' trial and money refunded if our guarantee does not deliver the goods.

Send for Free Book "The Gold in Your Stump Land." Write today. You be the judge, read the letters from farmers who have bought Kirstins and are glad they did. Look at the photographs of the immense stumps and trees they have pulled; of the houses, barns and bridges they have moved. Learn how, after clearing your land, you can make money by renting your Kirstin to your neighbors. Learn about Kirstin Service, forever free to all Kirstin Owners. Read the interesting information on all kinds of land clearing. Don't buy a puller until you read this book.

Big Money to those who Order Early

We offer you a special opportunity to join in our Profit Sharing Plan. No canvassing. Just a willingness to show your Kirstin to your neighbors. Don't wait—send the coupon today. Be the first to share in this big money making plan.

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Largest Stump Puller Manufacturers
in the World

The Kirstin does great work and I am greatly pleased with it.
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Kirstin One Man Puller



A. J. Kirstin
Canadian Co.
7525 Dennis St.
Sault Ste Marie, Ont.

Send me a free copy of "The Gold in Your Stump Land" and full particulars of

The Kirstin Method.
The Money Back Bond.
The 15 Year Guarantee.
The Profit Sharing Plan.

Name.....
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Sending this coupon obligates you in no way.

Give the "Kiddies"
All They Want of

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value. A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment.

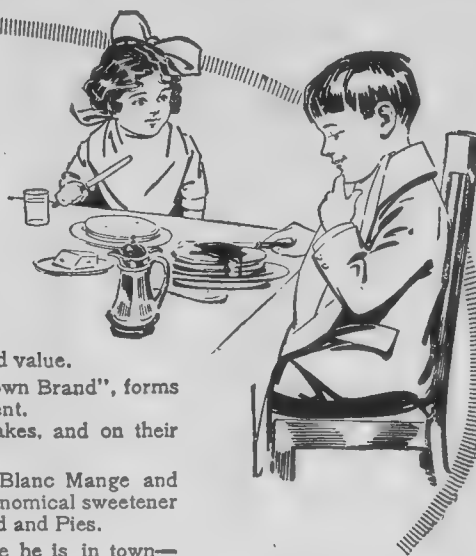
So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it.

You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies.

Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound tin.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—
and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

220W



Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

That is Best

Mother, I see you, with your nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine
to-night,
And that is best!

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours
or mine—
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms.
And sore oppress;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best!

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Nought can arrest;
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best!

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest, may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished of saints around
God's throne,
And that is best!

You must dread for yours the crime
that sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered, spotless, on eternal years,
Oh, how much the best!

But grief is selfish, and I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest;
But I know that, as well as for them,
for me
God did the best!

Beyond the Dawn

By Frank Lillie Pollock

I will take back the life I knew,
The old life that I knew of yore,
And seek beyond the sky-line blue
The old romance, the wonder-shore.

I have forgotten it too long.
The evening darkens; down the street
The puny pale-faced peoples throng
The reeking squares with foolish feet.

In the deep skies of mine own land
The quenchless moons of magic rise;
Empeared the fairy turrets stand,
Whose vision lured my boyish eyes.

Their crestlets flare across the night
That lowers upon the foreign main;
But all the halts shall burst in light
When I, their lord, come home again.

I will go back to yesterday;
The old adventure is the best;
And down the unforgetten way
Ride on the still unfinished quest.

By druid wood and haunted mere,
On goblin moor and mountainside
Sparkling like stars go crest and spear,
In chiming mail the warriors ride.

Above the roads like flame and flower
The knightly pennons flutter free;
And in some giant-guarded tower
A prisoned princess waits for me.

The daylight dies in fog and rain,
The grimy streets dissolve in gray;
Ah, how the city throbs with pain!
How far it is to yesterday!

A very pretty and palatable dish may be made by cutting the cabbage into eighths; throw these into boiling salted water, and bring to the boiling point; simmer, never boil, until the cabbage is transparent and white; this will take about thirty minutes. Drain; arrange on a round dish, one piece overlapping the other. Pour over half a pint of cream sauce, dust lightly with finely chopped parsley, and serve at once.

Put An INCUBATOR To Work Now



This Cabinet can pay for itself and make money for you by the time spring gets here—with practically no extra work.

The G. G. G. Cabinet Incubator gives you a double White Pine, Asbestos and Wool Packed egg chamber; Pure Copper hot water heating apparatus that is absolutely uniform; an automatic temperature regulator; and an instruction book that makes everything as plain as A B C. Completely equipped and ready to operate when you get it. They're not expensive, either. 80-egg capacity, \$18; 120-egg capacity, \$24; 240-egg capacity \$29, freight prepaid. We can also supply brooders, hovers, and all necessary equipment. Get our special book on Incubators and Poultry Supplies—it's FREE.

The Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd.
Agency at: NEW WESTMINSTER, British Columbia

Branches at: REGINA, Sask. CALGARY, Alta. FT. WILLIAM, Ont.

HEAD OFFICE Winnipeg, Man.

Why is the name of Florence Nightingale immortal? She helped to dignify labor and to elevate humanity.

I like to think of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in this connection. Some one said of her: "When mothers teach their daughters to cultivate their minds as did Mrs. Browning, as well as to emulate sweetness of temper, then will men venerate women for both mental

We seek for beauty on the heights afar;
But on earth it glimmers all the while;
'Tis the garden where the roses are;
'Tis the glory of a mother's smile.
We esek for God in every distant place;
But, lo, beside us He forever stands;
We meet Him guised as sunlight face to face;
We touch Him when we take a sister's hand."



Banana Patch at Los Indios

and moral power. A love that has reverence, for its foundation knows no change."

One seemed never to dream of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. Books and humanity, great deeds, and above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts, and therefore oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion.

Her husband would not touch her prayer-book before washing his hands, so reverently did he regard her cleanliness of character.

The Italians, who loved her, placed on the doorway of Casa Guidi a white marble tablet, with the words:

"Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who, in the heart of a woman, united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made her verse a golden ring binding Italy to England."

The fourth inner need of every girl is the spirit of sacrifice. Since there is such nation-wide example of this just now among our men and women, we may look about us anywhere and learn lessons that are not surpassed in history. All internal needs may be summarized in will-power and efficiency—the greatest need in the life of any girl. The two great safeguards for a girl are knowledge of pitfalls and skill to earn herself, independent of favor, a decent living—yes, efficiency and will-power are the best protectors a girl can have—these are the greatest needs of the wage-earning girl to-day—in fact, the greatest needs of any girl.

And the greatest external need? A good Christian woman friend.

The Isle of Pines

On another page of this issue appears an advertisement of the Canada Land and Fruit Company which is worthy of consideration.

The Isle of Pines was not content to set a record for early grapefruit shipments this season—it has added to its laurels as "The Garden Spot of the World" by setting a record for early shipment of winter vegetables. The first shipment of peppers was made during the week of November 13—nearly a month in advance of the usual Island season, and fully two months in advance of the earliest shipping date for growers in the States. The advantages of early shipments are almost too obvious to require comment. It means demand that supply is insufficient to meet, and consequent exceptionally high prices and big profits.

The grapefruit growers on the Isle of Pines are going to reap such prosperity this season as never before in its history of continued and increasing successes. The European war which last year tore the bottom out of the fruit market just as the fruit growers were on the threshold of a successful season, has reacted to the benefit of the planter. There has never been so great a demand for grapefruit in years as there is this season.

The growing child as well as adult should be taught how to swim; it develops a poise, or balance almost impossible to attain, unless a long and sometimes tiresome course of training is undertaken, which may be developed by spending a few weeks at the seashore or lake, and swimming regularly every day.

paration. She cannot prepare constructively unless her mind is clean. One's everyday thoughts, like one's everyday clothes, need not be brilliant but they should be clean. "Far more than we realize these day-dreamings of ours set their sign upon our faces, and our feet into paths of pleasantness or toward the road of dishonor. No lips can wholly guard the secret of an ill-thinking life, and no poverty, nor disappointment, nor physical ill can hide from one's companions the fact, if, unseen by the world, she is walking hand-in-hand with thoughts that are good and pure and holy." It is a shame to abuse the intellect by allowing dirty thoughts to collect till they block the way from clean thoughts. But you girls tell me you are so lonely at times that you cannot accomplish anything. One needs to be alone at times to catch visions. Clear vision is a vital need.

The only person in Europe whom Napoleon feared was Madame de Staël. Boustetten said of her: "In seeing Madame de Staël, in hearing her, I feel myself electrified. She daily becomes greater and better; and souls of great talent have great sufferings; they are solitary in the world, like Mount Blanc."

The greatest teacher the world has ever known was lonely at times—very—very lonely.

The Choice

By Francis J. Dickie

F AIRBURN, remittance man, idler and adventurer, lolled listlessly in a big chair in the hotel rotunda, smoking innumerable cigarettes and cursed fate, the slow mail service and his delayed money. The dusty street was deserted; it was fiercely hot and he was dry, but his pockets were empty. Though he lived high while his monthly remittance lasted, Fairburn, unlike his fellows, never bummed a drink or ran a bill. And he found it paid; the landlord was more courteous to him and then Fairburn still retained his pride. So he sat and scowled at the deadness about him and waited.

He had led just such a life for three years and now to-day he felt more bored than ever. Presently the conversation of two weather beaten plainsmen seated in nearby chairs caught his attention and he listened, for a minute to one man's words.

"Yes, Bill, I think it will pay in the end. I know there's nothin' doin' just now; but just you wait awhile till the people wake up to the fact of the possibilities of that country, then there'll be a rush and the railroads will come. Why, I wouldn't sell my little homestead for a thousand dollars, even if it is a hundred miles from nowhere. I tell you when you can get prairie land like that with woods near to hand you got a bonanza."

Fairburn desisted his listening and once more stared out of the window. Why could not he too get out somewhere and do something? At least it would be better than the empty existence he was now leading.

The idea was so new, so foreign to his easy-going nature that for the moment it took him aback, then his thoughts returned to it and he remained for a long time in a brown study and the delayed mail and his thirst were for the moment forgotten.

All during the long, early summer evening he sat on the upper verandah of his hotel and thought over the problem, finally deciding that it would be a change, which, if not satisfactory, still left him free to return back to his present mode of living. Passing the office on his way to breakfast the next morning the clerk handed him his long-looked-for letter, but instead of immediately cashing the draft which it contained and calling all hands to the bar, as had been his custom heretofore, he passed on into breakfast, still communing with himself upon this proposed change of life.

The evening train found him waiting at the railway station, his one suit case, within which rested all his worldly goods, at his side. Late the next night he was in the city of the new west, the country beyond which he had heard the plainsmen talking so enthusiastically over in the hotel.

Rising early on the following day he walked out on the streets. Though new, the place had almost the polish of complete civilization, only the people belied the inference, for here and there stood tall silent Indians with all the habiliments of the wild, a trapper or two, dozens of freighters, and now and then a squaw.

There was a strange bustle, a sort of vague, stirring electricity in the air which to him, fresh from an older, deadier city, was strangely exhilarating.

Two days later Fairburn rode out of town and struck the trail for the new land beyond. He rode one bronco and led two more well laden with supplies, but his remittance was almost gone. After all, he reflected, he had something to show for it this time, and he laughed a deep throaty laugh and felt happy, almost exultant.

As the town dropped from sight in a bend of the trail he broke into a song, his voice, loud, clear, care free. It was a glorious June day. Overhead the sun shone down with gradually increasing heat, on the grass the dew drops still glittered and the air was still, gloriously fresh, full of the odors of wide, windswept plains. Here and there a meadow lark piped and away off in the azure blue a prairie hawk hung on motionless wings.

All through the long day he rode ever

toward the setting sun and everywhere was the rolling prairie with here and there a stretch of bush, and over all the silence.

Gradually as the hours slipped by the rider fell strangely silent. The immensity and stillness awed him, and deep down in his heart a few vague seeds of doubt stirred.

A New Year's Message to Readers of The Western Home Monthly

From Major General Steele, Commanding Canadian Troops, Shorncliffe

Through the medium of the issue of "The Western Home Monthly," it has been asked that I send a short message to the Canadian West.

At the outbreak of the present great struggle in Europe, the sons of the Mother Country in the Dominions Overseas came forward to take their part in the great struggle for Liberty, Honor and Right, and it can be said that Canada "comes first" in this respect. If there had ever been any doubt that patriotism had been lacking in Canada, such a suspicion was soon to be cast away forever. Men from the far north, the far west and the east of Canada flocked to the colors.

The Canadians of to-day have perpetrated the example of loyalty and devotion to their country which their fathers before them showed, as a reference to Canadian history will prove. Whilst Canadians are a peaceful people and are not impregnated with any system of militarism, they, as their fathers of old, are natural soldiers. This will be appreciated when it is observed that the antecedents of the present manhood of Canada, which is now giving its best for the Cause of Empire, were men who had mostly served in war either on land or sea in the cause of their country, also when it is remembered that Canada is a comparatively young country in the process of advancement and expansion, and that her sons are wrestling and fighting with nature for those material gifts which she is so chary of bestowing and which she only bestows on those who fight and work for them. In passing, it might be remarked that this wrestling with nature inculcates in the Canadian qualities which prove of inestimable value to him as a soldier on the field of battle and has helped him greatly in attaining to the proud position of equality with any body of fighting troops from whatever land. Therefore, when in August, 1914, war was declared against Germany, the men of Canada were eager and anxious, as they always have been, to come forward and do their part in the fight for integrity and right. Civilian garb rapidly disappeared and the citizens of Canada left railway, workshop or office in overwhelming numbers to fight for Liberty, Home and Country. It was wonderful the way in which the men rapidly "fell into line," and although it is only natural, army discipline at first was strange to them, or the majority of them, they very soon became equal to the best soldiers of the Empire. It would take page after page to describe fairly the wonderful deeds of the Canadians in France. We have sustained many casualties, it is true, and many have answered the last roll call in this great fight for Freedom and Liberty, but Canada is ready for greater sacrifices in the great cause of the Empire.

It would be unfair to discriminate between one part of Canada and another, but, without prejudice, congratulations must be given to Western Canada. Progressive and prosperous Western Canada did not forget to come forward and their gallant actions in the field have proved their worth.

We are in the throes of a great struggle, the greatest that has ever befallen Great Britain, but I feel confident that victory, and a splendid victory, will be ours. The keenness of all our men and their splendid spirit is a proof of the ultimate realization of this truth.

This war has been responsible for many changes, but it must be stated here that a greater understanding now exists between Britain and the Overseas Dominions than ever before. The feeling of Loyalty and National Unity has forever been cemented between Canadians and the people of the Old Country.

The Militia in the West had made great strides during the six years prior to the outbreak of war, and when the call to arms came, the citizens and rural soldiers of the Western Provinces were ready to respond. With the first Canadian Division, over seven thousand men from Military District No. 10 were included, all of whom had secured a good military foundation through the military schools at Winnipeg and the annual camps at Sewell, Manitoba.

The one great governing determination of all our men is to fight on until a sure and final victory has been secured, and on which will be established a firm and lasting peace, founded on the highest ideals of humanity and of the British race. The British Empire will come through these grave and critical times purged by the fire of war, stronger, nobler than ever before, and in this great work Canada will have played a most glorious part and her soldiers proved most worthy sons of a great empire.

But cool, still dawn, found him once more content—immeasurably so.

For five long, dreamy days he rode, unhurried but steadily always straight in the same direction. On the fifth night he camped by a little stream back of which a stretch of timber lay; balsam, spruce and poplar.

And after supper, as he lay on the long, green grass smoking, his head resting on his saddle, a great peace was on him.

In the west the clouds hung purple, red, gold and white, the last rays of the setting sun striking through them, mak-

ing a vast aurora. It was very still and cool: Down among the reeds of the creek a few frogs croaked and the crickets sung from the tall prairie grass. Only these sounds and the munching of the horses broke the stillness. "I reckon we'll camp here, old sport," he said aloud, addressing the saddle horse who stood nearby. Already he had fallen into the habit of those much alone of talking to himself or his dumb companions.

The bronco raised his head, and with a slow step, walked over and thrust his

Fairburn arose, spread his blankets, and with his saddle for a pillow, fell asleep.

The following days were busy ones for him. His facilities were so limited and his knowledge none of the best. But another week found him ensconced in a shack, crude, but weather proof. Game was abundant, and he lived well.

June drew into July and the heat of midsummer was over all. The expedition had been satisfactory the man reflected as he sat at the door and watched the sunset. Somehow he had fallen into this habit of sitting thus at evening. The glorious beauty of the declining sun and the gathering night shades filled him with strange, new feelings. There was a certain grand, pure sublimity in those piled-up clouds, and vague, new thoughts stirred within the man. Subtly Nature was casting her spell over him, unnoticed, but strangely powerful it was. Life before had held so little for him, but now as he sat at the door and gazed off at the rolling, illimitable plains, the desert goddess breathed in his ear and he forgot the distant world where men strove, fought and debauched. Here everything was peace, delicious repose.

The cooler days of autumn came. The air was strangely hazy, heavy with the smoky odors of late fall, and in the distance objects showed up distorted, strangely unreal. Now and then from overhead came the long echoing honk of migrating wild geese. And Fairburn, noting these signs of approaching winter, inventoried his stores and prepared a trip to town.

There would be a lot of mail, he ruminated, and a goodly wad of money in uncashed remittances waiting him. Before leaving town he had written home of his change of address, and rented a box at the post office, so as to avoid loss and delay of his mail.

A cold wind blew fine particles of sand into his eyes, and clouds were dull, cold red in the western horizon as he rode down the street of the city a week later. He felt no thrill at his return—somehow the lights and dwellings were almost distasteful after the days of blissful aloneness spent in the wilderness. He smiled oddly, at the thought of that little shack back in the wilderness; but yet it was home, more of home than anything he had ever had before.

"I guess it's because it's my own," he muttered.

He off-saddled Sport in the stable yard and turning him over to the hostler, strode into supper.

At the post office an hour later he ran quickly through the four-months' accumulation of mail which contained four drafts, a couple of letters from far-away pals with whom he kept up an intermittent correspondence, and some old land papers.

As he walked back to the hotel a faint lonesomeness gripped him. The noise, the hurrying, unheeding people awoke within him an acute longing to be away again.

Entering the hotel, he entrusted the drafts to the clerk for safekeeping and strode into the bar, where a nondescript gathering of freighters and townsmen jostled each other. Then a little of the old life gripped him. It was almost five months since he had tasted liquor. With a sudden thirst upon him he walked to the bar and called to the crowd in the same old manner of past days. Someone else treated and Fairburn felt his pulse leap. The blood mounted to his face. Drink followed drink till everything became hazy and he forgot.

The sun was shining full in his face when he awoke. His head throbbed painfully and his tongue was thick and furry. Unlike other occasions, however, he felt a fierce disgust at himself. Rising slowly he staggered over to the water pitcher and quenched his thirst. A cold bath refreshed himself slightly, but the unwonted episode had left him sick and weak, and all day he lay around dully apathetic.

"Lucky for me I didn't have much cash on me," he mused, "or I'd be going yet, and then perhaps I wouldn't want to go back."

But Fairburn was wise and remained sober for the rest of his stay. Morning two days later found him hitting the trail. This time, aided by his accumulated drafts, he was able to take a wagon and team. The saddle horse leading behind.

cool nose into the man's face. They had become great friends in these last few days. The man reached up his arm and stroked the down-held muzzle. The horse remained a minute submitting to the caresses, then resumed his grazing.

Gradually the light died out and the western sky faded to a dull saffron hue. The night birds began to call, and over the man stole a strange content. The air lost its warmth and the falling dew damped the grass; one by one the stars broke forth, and over the prairie lay a faint dim light.

Knocking the ashes from his pipe,

II

Outside the wind howled and the driving snow rattled on the window panes and a fine little pile sifted through a crack in the door jamb. It was a wild night outside and Fairburn, seated comfortably in front of the crackling fire, shivered perceptibly, thanking his stars he was not out in it. The winter had told on him, and at times the loneliness of his position affected him. He could not sit at the door and watch the sunset now, and there were no frogs to croak at evening. Yet with the stubborn resolve of his set purpose he quelled all rebellious thoughts and read and smoked stoically.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. Above the howl of the wind there came to him the cry of a human being. He stood tense, listening. Then sat down with a laugh at the absurdity of the fancy. Then it came again, this time nearer. In a moment he had a lantern lit and pulling on his cap and mits, threw the door open, calling out a long hello.

The snow swirled in front of him, a dense, white rotating, smothering, impenetrable mass. From out of the gloom a dim, half unreal figure staggered and fell almost at his feet. Stooping, Fairburn picked up the ice encrusted form and carried it within. The room was almost cold from the open door. He hastened to throw on more fuel, then returned to the almost stiff form upon the floor. One glance, and he stepped back amazed. It was an Indian woman; her features were half obscured by her fur hood, but he noted the regular oval of her cheek and the long, crusted lashes. Regaining his composure he set about restoring her.

Without hesitation he stripped the girl and rolled her in his blankets, applied a hot glass bottle to her feet, and forced a little brandy between her teeth. With an exultant thrill he saw the eyelids quiver, eyes open and stare up into his with frightened, puzzled gaze.

"There, little girl, you'll be all right now, no frost bites to mention, only petered out," Fairburn remarked, roughly jocular.

The girl's lips parted in a faint smile and the Englishman was suddenly conscious that the woman before him was of a rare type. The long, straight hair, the big soft brown eyes, and the smile set his heart to thumping queerly. He turned away with an odd little choke in his voice. When he looked again her eyes were closed, she had fallen asleep.

Filling the stove he rolled up a rug in front of it and tried to sleep, but the events of the night had stirred him oddly and the dull light of dawn was breaking through the windows before he fell asleep.

The rattling of the stove woke him, and looking up, half startled, he met the questioning gaze of the Indian girl's brown eyes. She was fully dressed, and as Fairburn took her in from moccasined feet to dark crowned head he became aware of her lithe, sinuous form, and of the beauty of her face.

Outside the storm still raged. With lazy indifference he rose and set about preparing breakfast. He addressed her once, but the sorrowful head shake and her slow smile showed him that she understood no English.

"Here's a go," Fairburn muttered. "But maybe her people will turn up."

But the days lengthened into a week and no one came. During them the two became acquainted. Fairburn, with all of his old rigid ideas of honor, treated the girl with all respect. The little room was divided off and life dropped once more into the dull routine of the wilderness dweller.

As the days passed, Fairburn took upon himself the teaching of his strangely comely guest, and gradually they were able to make a little attempt at conversation. One night, as he sat staring into the fire he suddenly looked up to find her eyes fixed on him; eyes that were full of dull appealing devotion. His heart leaped into his mouth; then he knew. A kindred light flashed within his own. One bound brought him to her side, his arms swept around her.

"Oh, my snow queen, how could I keep away from you before! It's fate, after all, that sent you to make my paradise complete."

He stared up into the face drooping so close to his own.

After that night conventions were at an end.

Several times during the ensuing days Fairburn caught himself feeling vaguely guilty.

"It doesn't matter, anyhow," he argued to himself, "she's a child of nature, and when spring comes I'll take her to town and we'll be married right."

It was early in spring when Fairburn at last rounded up his horses from their winter retreat in the gully below the house and started for town with Lota by his side.

Everywhere was waking life, budding trees and twittering birds.

So they came into town and were married, Fairburn answering for both. The little minister, familiar with the various ways of the North, gave them his blessing, and two days later they were again on their way back.

The summer passed, swiftly unnoticed to the two. In October Fairburn started to town alone for the winter supplies. He had worked hard during the summer and the long plowed field that now showed where recently had been virgin prairie, filled him with pride. Talk of a new railroad when he had been into the city that spring had awakened fresh ambition within him. His land was going to be worth something if it came, offering, as the railroad did, a way to market the produce of the soil. So he had worked hard, finding a pleasure in his labors.



History will be searched in vain for evidence of a spirit more noble, a courage more enduring, a defence more impregnable, or an offensive more compelling than that exhibited by the unconquerable sons of France in their unexampled struggle against unprovoked and barbaric aggression.

Where can we find a more thrilling instance of service and sacrifice for freedom and for country? All hail to Verdun!—the symbol of the soul and sufferings of the French people.

Vive la France!

DONALD MACMASTER

After supper on the day he arrived he walked to the post office. A black-fringed envelope sent a fear to his heart. Despite his wildness and long wandering and absence from home there still lurked within him a love of those ones at home and a pride in their position. He stood under the electric light and read the long epistle through. When he had finished he whistled softly, walking out of the building and down the street with his heart filled with warring emotions, his brain worried by conflicting thoughts.

His elder and only brother dead; and they wanted him home. Then he thought of Lota and his homely dreams. Through the long night he tossed sleeplessly on his bed, but when the sun shone in his mind was made up.

"I guess I will have to go," he mused aloud. "I reckon Lota can do without me, and if I don't come back she'll go back to where she came from. Strange," he puzzled momentarily, "she would never tell me how she came there that blizzard night. It means a trip home again to take the wagon back and tell her. Then I guess I'll ride in."

As he swung the team down the trail on the way back, Fairburn was in a queer mood. For the time, Lota, the wilderness, everything that pertained to his new life was relegated to the background. Old memories were calling. Swayed by their mystic power, the grip of this life he had lived the last two years was dispelled.

On the night of his return as they sat on the bench before the door, Fairburn

turned suddenly. "Lota, I am going away to-morrow, perhaps for a long time." He rose to his feet and stood in front of her. His voice had been hard and steady, but the dumb pain in her eyes unmanned him. Dropping at her side, all the coldness gone, he took her face between his palms, gazing into it with all the old love for a moment shining in his eyes.

"It's all right, girlie, you don't doubt me, do you? I'll come back soon—Oh—so soon." His voice broke and a big sob shook him. Softly the girl patted his hands and gazed into his eyes. With all the quick fear of a woman sensing the loss of a loved one's affection she searched him. But he returned the look, steadily, unwavering, knowing that she was reading his soul. For a long moment they remained thus. Then, with tight-wrapping arms, she clung to him, her body shaken with sobs, her whole being torn between trust and fear.

And so Fairburn rode away in the early dawn with the heaviest heart he had ever known; his mind full of doubts, wavering between two paths. Turning in his saddle he looked back. The rising sun bathed the little cabin with a warm bright light, and the girl standing in the doorway had never seemed so perfect to the man before.

III

From the brilliantly lighted ballroom came the sound of gliding feet, the rustle of garments and languid music of a waltz.

Fairburn had stolen away and now sat in a secluded part of the conservatory. He wanted to think. The stiff conventional dress fretted him and the shallowness of the people around filled him with disgust. For three long weeks now he had lived after the fashion of an English gentleman. He looked around; this great house with all its wide acres would some day all be his. Yet he felt for everything an intense distaste. The bridge, the tennis, the motor parties, everything that had gone to make up these last few days, was distasteful. Sitting here alone, with the sounds from the ball room about, the picture of the little cabin came vividly to him and memories of those many happy hours there. A great longing to be back, to sit and watch the sunset, and the darkness fall over the long prairie, from the little bench in front of the cabin, came. And a loneliness for Lota with her naive adoration swept over him. The strains of the waltz died away.

The plainsman looked at his programme; it was bare. The murmur of approaching voices roused him. Stealthily he stole from his seat and opening a French window nearby dropped lightly to the ground.

Escaping unnoticed to his own room he discarded his evening dress, donning the suit in which three weeks before he had arrived. For a long moment he gazed at himself in the half-length mirror, then breathed a sigh of content. For the first time in three weeks he felt natural.

Seating himself at the little table he drew paper to him and wrote:

"Dear Father and Sister—I am going away now, stealing off like a thief in the night because I think it is best. To me, after what I have lived and been, this life you lead seems so very empty. The conventions oppress me. Of course some day I suppose I must come back to it all, but for the present I am going back, back to the prairie. I feel you are just as well off without me."

"Yours sorrowfully,

"Fairburn."

After he finished he hesitated for a moment, wondering if he should tell them of Lota, then he rose. "They wouldn't understand, and anyhow it doesn't matter," he told himself.

Examining a time card he found that an express left the station, four miles away, at two. He had two hours, so slipping outside he set off slowly on foot.

A strange lightness filled his heart, a great gladness that he was on his way home. The silence and the quiet of that little homestead and the lover of the one woman were calling strongly now, and mentally he counted the days.

IV

In the afternoon sky the sun still hung high and it was fiercely hot. A tired



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A safe, speedy and positive cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a HUMAN REMEDY for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

horse loped slowly across the rolling plain, the sweat and dust turning its color to dun grey.

"Only five more miles," Fairburn said, exultantly, "then we'll be home." With an extra burst of speed the pony responded to the voice.

Silently the returned circled into the stable yard at the rear of the house. Dismounting he crept noiselessly around the corner of the cabin to the open doorway. The afternoon sunshine threw long splashes of golden light across the floor and idly sitting staring at the farther wall was Lota. The man saw the desolate loneliness of her eyes and a greater joy swept over him that he had come. In another moment he was in the room, his arms swept around her, the glory of a lasting love lighting his eyes.

Together after the supper dishes were put away, they went out and sat upon the old bench before the door. The evening clouds hung softly colored, more beautiful than ever they seemed to Fairburn. The frogs and crickets filled the air with their night songs, while over all was the greater hanging quietness of the prairie, unbroken, profound.

So they sat in the gathering darkness a great gladness in their eyes.

Never Neglect Your Health

Get out into the open and enjoy God's great out-of-doors, far from the poisonous and enervating life in boxlike rooms the average person calls home. Go up into the hills; out in the green and verdant country; along the brook, river or seashore.

Go into the water and exercise every nerve and muscle in brain and body. Always duck the head under the water in order to assist the blood in keeping the body at an even temperature.

If everyone exercises a little common sense in the water there can be no ill effects or danger while in swimming. The various strokes employed in disporting in the surf always prove a most valuable aid in developing graceful, harmonious movements of the body and the reflex action of the swimming movements upon the brain are splendid for invigorating the brain cells.

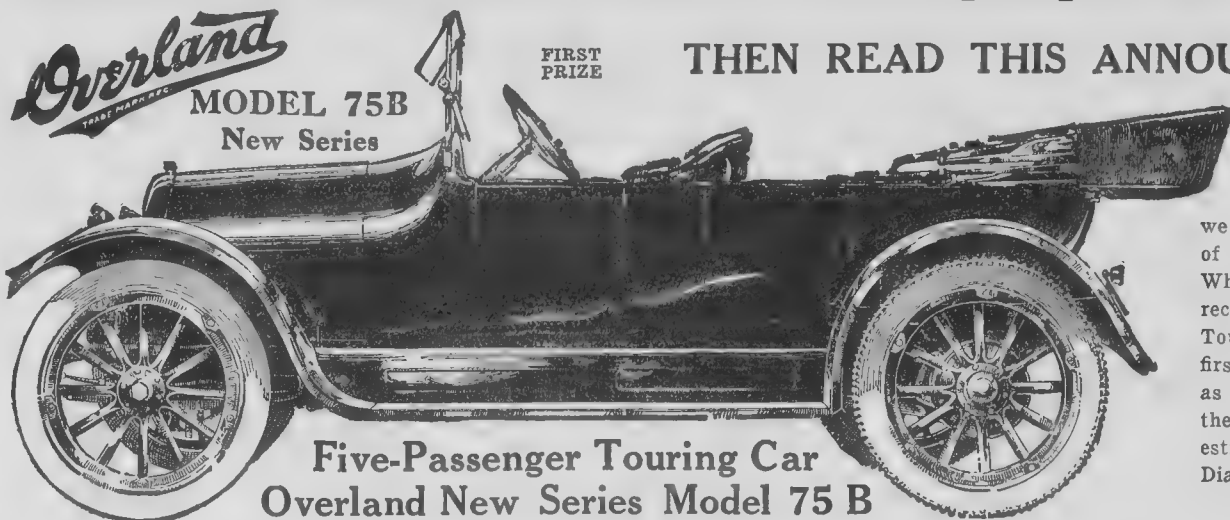
Mother's Room

The paths are many my feet have trod,
O'er rocky soil and the soft green sod;
Yet I have not found,
On my journeys round,
A path so sweet
To tired feet,
As the path that leads to "Mother's Room."

Aweary with all my fretting cares,
I climb once again those old white stairs,
To find in its place,
The dear wrinkled face—
Oh safe and sure,
Without a lure,
Is the path that leads to "Mother's Room."

DO YOU WANT AN AUTOMOBILE A Beautiful High-Grade Piano or an Edison Diamond Point Phonograph

FREE?

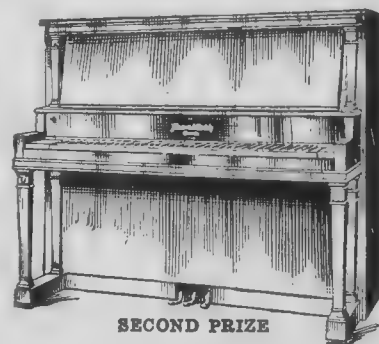


THEN READ THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

You may earn one or all if you know wheat and are willing to invest \$1.00 in a year's subscription to THE NOR'-WEST FARMER. All we ask you to do is to estimate the number of kernels in ten pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat. The nearest correct estimate first received wins this Model 75B Overland Touring Car, the second nearest estimate first received wins the Mason & Risch Piano, as good an instrument as is turned out of their factory, and the third nearest correct estimate first received wins the Edison New Diamond Point Phonograph.

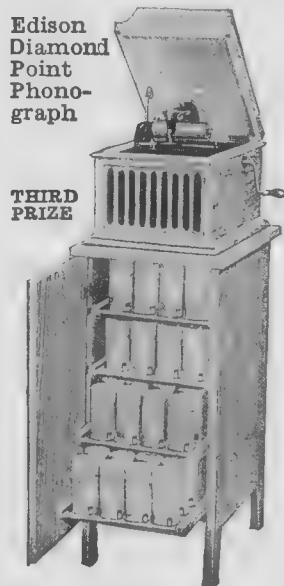
\$1,500.00 in Prizes

We believe a more attractive lot of valuable prizes could not be selected than those listed above. The first prize is the Overland New Series Model 75B Car, as illustrated—fully equipped with self-starter and electric lights, 31 x 4-inch tires, 104-inch wheelbase, cantilever rear springs, streamline body, and deep, soft upholstery. The second prize will be equally acceptable. It's a genuine Mason & Risch Piano, mahogany, walnut, weathered oak or fumed oak finish, full 7 1/3 octave, 4 feet 4 inches high. The regular retail price, anywhere in Canada, is \$475.00. It is just the piano you would buy and none better is turned out of the Mason & Risch factory. The third prize will be very popular—an Edison New Diamond Point Phonograph, complete with cabinet and choice of twenty-five records. The retail price of this outfit is \$75.00. Each prize will be delivered absolutely free of all carriage charges at the nearest station of the lucky winner.



Who May Enter the Contest

Any person may enter this contest, but all estimates must be accompanied by one or more subscriptions to The Nor'-West Farmer for at least one year FOR BONA FIDE FARMERS LIVING IN WESTERN CANADA. Contest closes May 1, 1917.



The Wheat Sample

was selected for us by the Chief Grain Inspector's Office, Winnipeg, under the supervision of Prof. S. A. Bedford, Supt. Manitoba Demonstration Farms, and sealed by him. It is a good average sample of No. 1 Northern, perhaps half Red Fife and half Marquis, and has been deposited by Prof. Bedford in the vaults of The National Trust Co. for safe keeping, where it will remain until the close of the contest, when it will be opened and officially counted by Prof. Bedford. We do not know how many kernels there are in the canister, and no one else will know until after Prof. Bedford makes his official count at the close of the contest.

How to Estimate

The persons who win these prizes will be those who use intelligence in estimating. Do not merely guess. A good way to do is to actually count out, say, one pound or half a pound of wheat. Do this with several representative samples, and from the average count you get, the approximate number of kernels in ten pounds may be easily estimated. There are a good many thousand kernels in ten pounds of wheat. A lot of people will be careless in estimating, so if you are careful you have a splendid chance of winning. These Big Rewards will be delivered to the respective winners F.O.B. their nearest stations.

The Nor'-West Farmer

is the oldest farm paper in Western Canada. It is published in Winnipeg on the 5th and 20th of each month, and is edited by men who have learned agriculture by actual experience. They are men who have come from the farm and know farm conditions in the country also relate their experiences in the columns of The Nor'-West Farmer. Often do we receive letters from subscribers stating that the helpful information and advice in some one article has saved them more than the subscription price for the rest of their lives. Legal and veterinary advice is freely given through our columns to subscribers without charge. Regular departments are provided for the discussion of all questions relating to the farm, including Field, Live Stock, Dairy, Poultry, Garden and Forestry, and a regular fortnightly review of live stock and grain markets. The Home Circle conducted by our lady editor, a mother, and a farmer by instinct, will appeal to every woman in the land. No farmer's wife or daughter can read this department without getting a new vision of woman's place on the farm. Our Home Circle radiates enthusiasm that is contagious.

How to Earn Estimates

The subscription price of The Nor'-West Farmer is \$1.00 per year, two years \$1.50, three years \$2.00, four years \$2.50, and five years \$3.00. A subscription for one year will earn two estimates; two years, five estimates; three years, eight estimates; four years, eleven estimates, and five years, fifteen estimates. By getting subscriptions from friends and neighbors a great many extra estimates may be earned. Thus, five subscriptions for one year each would earn ten estimates; for two years each, twenty-five estimates; for three years, forty estimates, etc., etc. Estimates and subscriptions may be sent in by anyone, but the subscriptions must be for bona fide farmers.

The Nor'-West Farmer Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

Read This

Note carefully the paragraph on how to earn extra estimates. By taking advantage of our low rate for long term subscriptions, you can multiply your chances of success a great many times, as the more estimates you send in the greater chance you have of winning. Also, you can easily earn extra estimates by getting subscriptions from friends and neighbors. Every one of your neighbors should take THE NOR'-WEST FARMER. See them at once.



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THE NOR'-WEST FARMER, LTD.,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find \$.....being my subscription to The Nor'-West Farmer for.....years. I am a bona fide farmer and understand that this Subscription earns me.....estimates in The Wheat Estimating Contest as advertised. I also understand that if any of these estimates is the first correct or most nearly correct one received, that I am to get the Model 75B Overland Touring Car; if second nearest correct, the Mason & Risch Piano; and if third nearest first received, the New Edison Phonograph, delivered free of further charge to my nearest railway station. In case of a tie, the estimate first received ranks first. My estimates are as follows:

Name
P. O. Province.....

N.B.—If other subscriptions are secured, send in names and estimates earned on a separate sheet of paper, with remittance to cover same.

W. H. M

Date 191.....

About the Farm

Feeding for Eggs

By M. A. Jull

The practice at Macdonald College is to feed a whole grain ration of two parts wheat, two parts corn and one part oats or buckwheat, during the winter months. If the corn is cracked it will give the hens more exercise than when fed whole. The grain mixture is scattered in the litter morning and evening, and the litter is kept in such a condition that considerable scratching is necessary. Enough grain is fed in the morning to keep the hens busy for several hours. In the evening they are given practically all the grain they will pick up before going to roost. There are many poultrymen who are not able to feed their flock the proper amount of grain from time to time. On the other hand, there are some poultrymen who believe in feeding a definite quantity of grain at each feeding. It is far better to feed the birds the amount they need from time to time, and as they will eat more at one feeding than another, it is practically impossible to state definitely any specific amount which the flock should be given for each feeding. A very simple way of finding out whether the birds are being fed properly or not is to brush away some of the litter, then blow the chaff and dust away, and if corn or wheat can be seen on the bare spot of the floor, the hens are being fed

too heavily. They should be made to clean everything up before being fed again.

Whole grain alone is not sufficient, since the birds must balance the ration with ground grains, to which can be added certain concentrated foods. The ground grains are chiefly wheat bran, crushed oats, cornmeal and middlings. To these ground grains may be added linseed meal, gluten meal, beef scraps or fish scraps. These are concentrated foods and supply the fowls with protein, which is largely lacking in the whole and ground grains. Considerable protein is necessary for the manufacture of eggs.

It is not necessary to use all of the materials mentioned in preparing a mash. At the same time the larger the variety the better the fowls like the mash and the better it serves its purpose. A good mash mixture is composed of the following: wheat bran, 200 lbs.; crushed oats, 120 lbs.; cornmeal, 100 lbs.; middlings, 100 lbs.; beef scraps, 60 lbs., and charcoal, 20 lbs. This makes a mash which is quite palatable and which the birds relish. In place of crushed oats, it may be well to use oatmeal feed, which is a by-product of the oatmeal industry and contains practically no hulls.

This mash may be fed in two ways: as a wet mash or as a dry mash. The wet mash consists of ground grains

thoroughly mixed and moistened with water or sour milk. The mash is fed in V-shaped troughs at definite times. The object in wet mash feeding is really to stimulate maximum egg production.

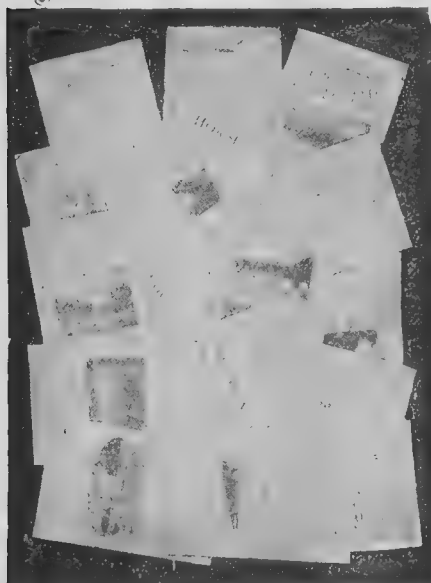
The troughs should be kept strictly clean, and it is wise not to overfeed with wet mash. Just give the birds as much as they will clean up in a few minutes. The best time to feed a wet mash is about noon or shortly after. When wet mash is fed, table scraps, potatoes and other waste products can be mixed with it to good advantage.

If the ground grains are fed in the form of a dry mash, labor is saved. The ground grains are thoroughly mixed, and placed in a self-feeding hopper from which the birds can help themselves at any time. This is a very satisfactory method, as it saves much labor, particularly where there is a large flock, and is not so apt to be abused. The principal factor is to have a hopper so constructed that none of the mash will be wasted. Excellent results have been obtained in feeding whole rolled oats from the hopper instead of a dry mash. The oats are relished and the birds do very well on them. Whenever these oats can be secured, it simplifies the feeding problem very much.

Beef scraps have been suggested as a form of animal food. In some localities ground green bone can be obtained at a reasonable price. Where such is the case the quantity of beef scrap in the mash

ration may be greatly reduced. Care should be exercised in feeding ground green bone, as one-half ounce per bird per day is heavy feeding. The green bone should always be in the very best condition. Sour milk is also an excellent animal food; it is one of the best poultry foods we have, and should be used more extensively. It is low in cost, and in addition to being a valuable egg producer it tends to keep the hens in good health. One of the most profitable ways in which sour milk may be used is in feeding it to laying hens.

While the birds are confined during the winter months some form of green food is absolutely necessary for best results. Give the birds mangels, turnips, or sprouted oats. Alfalfa or clover hay, if well cured, may be fed. Mangels are cheap and are easily grown, and the birds will consume large quantities of them. Sprouted oats also make an excellent form of green food. The method of sprouting is simple. Take the quantity of oats desired, soak them in lukewarm water for twenty-four hours, then spread them out on the floor of a fairly warm room, or place them in flat boxes so that the oats will spread out in a layer about one inch thick. Keep them moistened and stir them to prevent moulding. When they start to sprout do not disturb them, and when the sprouts are about three inches long, the oats may be given to the birds. Some form of green food should be supplied the birds



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VALENTINE WINKLER

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration for Manitoba

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-37—Hints for the Housewife on Buying Dressed Poultry.
-38—Rusted Wheat and the Seed Situation for 1917.

Home Economics Literature

Cookery

- Lesson
-1—Principles of Cookery.
-2—Effects of Heat on Food Materials.
-3—Bread, Cereals, and Vegetables
-4—Combination of Foodstuffs.

Lesson Home Nursing

-1—Rules to Observe.
-2—Nurse's Routine Duties.
-3—Comfort of Patient.
-4—Symptoms of Sickness.
-5—Home Treatments.
-6—Accidents and Emergencies.
-7—Contagious Diseases.
-8—Feeding the Sick.
-9—Maternity Nursing and Baby Hygiene.

Personal Hygiene

-1—Human Machine.
-2—Running of the Machine.
-3—Care of the Machine.
-4—Proper Attitude of the Body
- Laundry
-1—Equipment—Water—Some Common Alkalis.
-2—Soap, Soap Substitutes, Blueing
-3—Fabrics (Cotton and Linen).
-4—"The Family Wash" (Part 1) "Starch."
-5—"The Family Wash" (Part 2) "Special Washing."
-6—Ironing.
-7—Muslins, Lace.
-8—"Silk"—"Disinfectants."

Sewing

-1—Equipment—Shirtwaists and Skirts.
- Food
-1—Theory of Foods.
-2—Cost and Adulterations.
-3—Fruit, Vegetables and Cereals
-4—Proteid Foods.
-5—Flour Mixtures.
-6—Bread and Buns

every day. In feeding mangels it is a good practice to drive a spike in the wall about sixteen inches above the floor on which the mangels can be placed.

Oyster shells and grit should be kept before the birds at all times. Grit seems to aid digestion, and oyster shells supply the fowls with material from which they make egg shells. The egg shell is largely composed of lime, which is secured from oyster shells.

Clean water is also necessary. It is very important to see that the birds are never without water, for an insufficient supply often causes a serious decrease in egg production. Where sour milk is available it should be used, and it will largely take the place of water. It should be given in a thick condition.

Finally, it should be borne in mind always that apart from the kind and quality of foods given, the method of feeding has much to do with egg production. The laying hen must be kept as busy as possible. It is the busy hen that lays best. Exercise means eggs.

Constant Supply of Hot Water a Necessity in the Farm Barn During the Winter Months

Preparations for putting herds and flocks into winter quarters include a provision for taking the chill off stock water. Ice water is a luxury for the jaded palate of the human in hot weather, although the doctors warn against its use, or at least its abuse. Floating cakes of ice in the watering tank on a zero morning cost more than a water-tempering plant. We learned long ago that the bovine is somewhat akin to the human in its taste for cool water. Warm water is not relished by cattle, but no one who has ever seen a cow remonstrate at the presence of cakes of ice in the watering trough would imagine that ice water was acceptable in winter. Tepid water, water with the chill taken off, best suits the taste and conserves the bodily heat. Some stables are so warm that the well water turned through the concrete feeding and watering trough or the iron troughs in front of the stanchions needs little or no tempering, although when held in storage tanks it is apt to stand near the freezing point when admitted through the pipes. Tank heaters are of value; these metal contrivances are set in out-of-door tanks, and a slow fire is maintained in them, the formation of ice being thus prevented. Better still, and more convenient, is a tank heater installed in the feed-room or boiler-room on farms which utilize such plants, or made to do double duty for house and barn where proximity of these buildings permits. The convenience of a constant supply of hot water on tap can scarcely be measured in the farm house. It is sometimes possible, now that such conveniences are bringing added comfort in the homes of farm people, to hitch on a pipe to the hot water tank and conduct it to the barn, if the run is not too great. Insulation is readily enough secured. This would give a supply of hot water to temper the drinking troughs of whatever nature, to mix the swill for the swine, to make the hot mashers for the poultry, and to wash the harness, the buggies, and the autos. Plans for home building or re-modelling or barn building should include a careful study of systems devised to keep hot water on tap for the manifold uses to which it may comfortably and profitably be put on farms.

Care of Layers

By Roy E. Jones

Caring for the laying stock is without doubt the most profitable link in the poultry chain, but its success depends about equally on every other. Pullets must be reared and matured before the laying season, or it will have to be done during the winter at the expense of egg production. The one object in caring for the laying stock is the greatest and longest continued egg production possible without injuring the health and vitality of the stock.

Help for Asthma.—Neglect gives asthma a great advantage. The trouble, once it has secured a foothold, fastens its grip on the bronchial passages tenaciously. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is daily curing cases of asthma of long standing. Years of suffering, however, might have been prevented had the remedy been used when the trouble was in its first stages. Do not neglect asthma, but use this preparation at once.

1.—Clean, dry houses.

Laying houses must be well built and kept clean and dry, but they need not be expensive. Figures from a preliminary poultry survey taken in Connecticut would indicate that the most profitable farms have the least expensive houses. Houses must be so constructed that they will be easy to keep clean, and admit sufficient fresh air and sunshine to keep them dry and wholesome.

2.—Ventilation and sunshine.

The ventilation in a laying house should be such that all moisture is removed without draft. It should be constructed to meet two extremes, cold in winter and heat in summer. Failure to guard against either one will cut down production and seriously affect the profits. Sunshine is the best possible disinfectant. Whether a house has glass windows, cloth curtains, or open front,

provision should be made to allow sunshine to reach every part of the house at some time during the day.

3.—Exercise—avoid crowding.

Exercise is absolutely necessary for health and production. While it is generally conceded that laying stock should be confined to their houses during the winter, exercise may be largely controlled by the system of care and management. Fresh air and sunshine do much toward encouraging exercise. Laying stock will stand more crowding than breeders. Three to four square feet per bird is generally believed to be best. After all, crowding is a question of sanitation. When one is willing to keep the houses perfectly clean, hens will thrive under very crowded conditions.

4.—Clean, dry litter—change often.

Litter should be more than something to hide grain on the floor of the pen.

Hens require a large amount of bulk aside from their grain ration, and where clean straw and clover hay are used, a large part of this bulk may be obtained from the litter. The litter also acts as an absorbent, particularly during damp weather. While many poultrymen follow the practice of adding litter when it is needed, and removing it only about twice a year, it is a far better practice to rake out old litter and put it in every ten days. To be sure, it is a little more expensive in material and labor, but the house will be more sanitary, the birds more contented, and production will be greater.

5.—Green food—sour milk if possible.

Green food should be provided the same as for breeding stock. An abundant supply of green food will improve the health of the birds, cut down the grain bills, and increase production. Sour skimmed milk is an important feed at all

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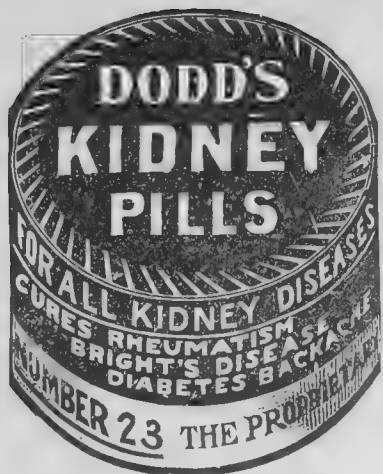
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For Grey Hair

I Will Tell You Free How To Restore Your Grey Hair To Natural Color of Youth And Look Years Younger

No Dyes or Other Harmful Methods Results in Four Days

Let me send you free full information to restore your grey hair to the natural colour and beauty of youth, no matter what your age or cause of your greyness. This same simple means not only succeeded with me, but with thousands of others. One friend



of mine of 76, who had been grey for 35 years, restored his hair in less than one short month to the natural colour of youth, so that not a grey hair can now be found. I myself was prematurely grey at 27 and a failure because I looked old. I restored it to childhood's colour through the advice of a scientific friend. I look younger than I did 9 years ago, and am a living example that greyness need no longer exist for anyone.

And so I have arranged to give full instructions absolutely free of charge to any reader of this paper who wishes to restore the natural shade of youth to any grey, bleached or faded hair without the use of any greasy, sticky or injurious dyes or stains and without detection. I pledge success with both sexes and all ages no matter how many things have failed.

So write me to-day. Give your name and address plainly, state whether lady or gentleman (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) enclose 2 cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you full instructions to restore the natural colour and appearance of youth to your hair, making it soft, natural and easily managed. Write to-day and never have a grey hair again. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Aptmt. 381 N. F. Banigan Bldg., Prov. R.I.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Every reader of this paper, man or woman, who wishes to be without grey hair for the rest of their life is advised to accept above liberal offer at once. Mrs. Chapman's high standing proves the sincerity of her offer.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression under the skin you which defies all the have tried. Perhaps swollen, the joints same with the the skin may be dis- may be wounds: allowed to so- you of the You may have hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will. Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

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ointment and PILLS, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/6 and 2/9 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

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Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

times of the year. It enables the hens to consume more feed and to make higher records without danger of injury to their health.

6.—Fresh water — clean, wholesome food.

Hens require a large amount of water for egg production, consequently they should be encouraged to drink as much as possible. Mangels and sour milk carry a large percentage of water. Providing fresh water often and warming the water during the cold weather will also help. Patent poultry food or poultry regulators are getting to be a thing of the past. Good, wholesome food, properly fed is all that is necessary to stimulate production. The following rations have given excellent results at the egg laying contest during the present year:

Scratch Grains
Wheat.....100 lbs.
Cracked corn.....100 lbs.

Dry Mash
Bran.....100 lbs.
Cornmeal.....100 lbs.
Ground oats.....100 lbs.
Flour middlings.....100 lbs.
Fish scrap.....50 lbs.
Beef scrap.....50 lbs.

7.—Encourage dry mash consumption.

The proportion of grain and mash fed is quite as important as that the proper amounts of the different ingredients be used. The mash usually contains by far the greater part of the protein in any ration, consequently the proportion of mash to grain must increase or decrease with production. The mash should be made as palatable as possible, and

off on the side next you. This leaves the turkey ready for slicing. There are two ways of carving the breast of a roast turkey. The slices may be carved in a direction parallel to the breast or they may be sliced longitudinally. Boiled turkey always looks best carved longitudinally.

In splitting the carcass of a turkey or chicken what is called the "oyster bone" should first be removed by placing the flat of the knife against the vertebrae connecting the "Pope's nose" with the carcass and pressing the edge of the knife in the direction of the neck of the bird. The wishbone can be taken out by placing the flat of the knife against the breast-bone next to the wishbone and keeping it pressed against the carcass while cutting.

Roast beef is very easy to carve. Cut slowly across the heavy end of a rib roast to free the meat from the ribs from right to left, and then cut the meat in thin slices. For a sirloin roast, first cut out the tenderloin close to the bone, next remove the rounded end of the meat, and then slice the sirloin, always cutting across the grain. People who like fat can be given a thin slice from the end piece.

Roast leg of lamb should always be placed on the platter so that the leg bone comes at the carver's left hand. Plunge the fork firmly into the centre of the meat over the bone and slice the meat down the centre first to the right and then to the left, loosening the meat from the bone by a sidewise motion of the knife.



Homeward Bound.

a fresh supply kept constantly before the birds. The mash consumption may be somewhat controlled by increasing or decreasing the grain. Equal parts of grain and mash by weights is usually about right.

Hints for Carving

When Daniel Webster was the guest of honor at a New England Thanksgiving dinner, he was asked to carve the turkey. The bird was a tough old gobbler, and the carving knife had seen better days, so the famous orator had rather a hard time. At last, in desperation, he gave a terrific jab at the drumstick, but, far from severing it from the carcass, it only caused the tough old fowl to bound from the platter into the lap of a lady guest.

It did not embarrass the great Daniel. He fixed his eagle eye on the unfortunate woman, and said in stentorian tones:

"Madame, I'll trouble you for the turkey."

Now this sort of thing is really more likely to happen nowadays. Very few men or women know how to dismember a chicken or turkey or even to carve a piece of roast beef without haggling it. There is nothing at all difficult about carving, and it is a very useful thing to learn, for you never can tell when you may be called.

The fowl should be placed on the platter so that the breast will be at the left hand of the carver. Insert the carving fork in the turkey or chicken at the small end of the breast-bone, sticking it in firmly so as to hold the carcass securely. With the carving knife first take off the leg with the second joint on the farthest side of the fowl; then tipping the turkey slightly take them

Rolled roast is a rib roast of beef with the ribs removed and the meat rolled and skewered firmly into place. The fat should be scored by the butcher, so as to let the meat roll properly. To carve this hold the knife flat and with a quick, sawing motion cut clear across, holding the meat firmly, with the fork placed low on the left side. Fillet of beef should be cut into slices half an inch thick from one end to the other; the thickness being greater in some places than in others gives the carver an opportunity to offer well-done and rare meat from the same piece.

Short Course in Farm Engineering

A short course in farm engineering is planned by the Manitoba Agricultural College commencing on January 15th. As far as we know it is the only one of its kind offered in Canada covering the various phases of farm engineering, such as steam and gas traction engineering, forge shop, farm mechanics, building construction, concrete construction, farm machinery, etc. Full particulars of the course can be had on application from the Professor of Agricultural Engineering, Agricultural College.

In all infantile complaints that are the result of the depredations of worms in the stomach and intestines Miller's Worm Powders will be found an effective remedy. They attack the cause of these troubles, and by expelling the worms from the organs insure an orderly working of the system, without which the child cannot maintain its strength or thrive. These powders mean health and improvement.

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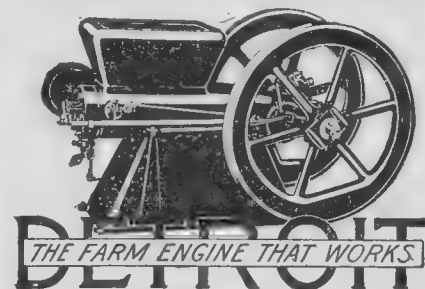
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But my book just published tells you the real truth about Rheumatism. Tells what actually DOES cause it, and how it is now being successfully treated by entirely new, advanced, scientific methods.

This book is the result of my 20 long years of study, research and experimentation in this disease. One very prominent physician says of it, "Intensely interesting and instructive—surely a valuable Thesis."

I have no free treatment to offer—nothing of the kind. But I do want every Rheumatic sufferer no matter what form or how chronic, to read my book. It tells the truth about Rheumatism—at last. Therefore I will gladly send it absolutely free. Understand, please, that no money is asked or expected.

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Woman and the Home

The Divine Heritage of Childhood

By Louis Schneider.

JUST now our educators are much concerned with the question of what to do regarding the prevalence of love affairs among children at school. These affairs, they say, keep the children from giving due attention to their studies, lower their averages, and in the end have a tendency toward creating a condition conducive to their moral decadence, leading to their ultimate ruin.

That this is in a measure true, there is small doubt, and there are but few parents who will deny that such a condition exists to quite a marked extent, but it is always the children of other parents, and not their own who are culpable. That their own children may be involved in such affairs they are loath to admit, even when short-comings are specifically pointed out, often giving recognition of the terrible facts only when they are thrust upon them to their shame and sorrow.

And then they will probably ascribe the fault to baneful influences absolutely beyond their sphere of control. What would these good folk say if one were to tell them that the cause of these conditions can be traced directly to themselves?

And yet it is often too true. There is nothing under the sun more utterly foolish than the habit some people have of talking to children scarcely out of their cradles about "beaux" and "sweet-hearts." And yet the habit is widespread, and indulged in by many who are otherwise discerning folk. As soon as the child is old enough to distinguish between children of the opposite sex it is subjected to such banterings as, "Your little sweetheart is coming to see you to-day," "Kiss your little sweetheart good-bye," and others equally silly. It gives them a distorted view of things, one altogether out of keeping with their understanding of life as it is, and by the time they have attended school several terms it is small wonder that they have arrived at the condition of which there is at present so much complaint.

Still it may be that a boy or girl has escaped in earlier years only to fall a victim after having attained a close degree of companionship with some girl or boy.

It is to be doubted if there are many who have not known of if they have not actually been guilty in, at least one instance where the fine companionship of a boy and girl has been marred by this ill-advised practice. A single offence is bad enough, but if the course is persisted in, it will not be long before the frank, open comradeship of the children is gone, for there has been forced upon them a disquieting glimpse of something of which the latent germ stirred at the suggestion,—something of which they had not until then known, and so could not understand. And not being able to understand they could never again meet on the same footing, and they drifted apart, the girl to join a clique of "He said," "I said," gigglers, the boy to find companionship among a group of boys who by the same tactics have had forced upon them a cognizance of sex distinction before knowledge has had an opportunity to combine with wisdom and discretion.

Many causes have been assigned to the prevalence of the social evil, but if the precise signification of the various causes could be ascertained, or the great primal cause determined, it would not be surprising to know that the judgment had fallen near, or even upon, this custom, for its malign influence is thrust upon the children at an earlier time than any other. Their immature understanding is again and again confronted with the suggestion that there is something in this companionship of boy and girl that is not right. Their power of perception is intensified before their power of reasoning and knowledge of themselves has been sufficiently developed, and great harm is done, whereas, if left to themselves, the normally constituted boy or girl would innately deem the other worthy of all the kindness, courtesy, and consideration of which each is capable. To force upon them in even

the remotest degree the thought that these attentions are anything but natural—to pervert, exaggerate, or clothe them with an equivocal meaning is nothing short of pernicious, and the practice should not be tolerated. Every offender should be tactfully, yet in a manner not to be misunderstood, rebuked.

Nature will take care of this matter in due time and in her own good way, and the one who tries to hurry or pervert Nature in this respect is robbing childhood of its finest rights—the pleasure of play and growth of the young as child with child. Insist that your children be allowed to grow into strong manhood and pure womanhood in a perfectly natural manner. It is their divine heritage.

Baby's Little Stomach

By An M. D.

I wonder how many mothers have a good conception of the size of a baby's stomach. If the number were not small, I am sure babies would not be overfed so often.

In the first three weeks of life the average capacity of the infant's stomach is about one ounce. At the end of four weeks, by means of a surprising transformation, it has attained a capacity of two and one-half ounces. At eight weeks we find its capacity a little over three ounces, while at the twelfth week its capacity is still below four ounces, and, what is more, it continues below up to twenty weeks. From these figures, which are probably accurate, one can see how easy it is to overfeed infants in the first few months of life,

overfeeding being at the bottom of a very large per cent of all the ailments of these little ones, as well as of children of a "larger growth," for that matter.

It is to be noted that the stomachs of bottle or artificially-fed infants are relatively larger than those of breast-fed infants, and it is significant as showing the results of overfeeding, namely, dilation of these tiny stomachs, nature's method of finding storage for quantities she does not need. Artificially-fed babies are the more in danger of being overfed.

'Tis a Marvellous Thing.—When the cures effected by Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil are considered, the speedy and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvellous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six ingredients which enter into its composition. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its healing virtues.

Were you ever "fooled" by a talking machine?

If you ever *heard* a talking machine without *seeing* it, did you, even momentarily, imagine that someone was singing or playing?

Probably there are few so unmusical as to be unable to detect the talking machine tone the very instant it is heard. There is one instrument, however, from which the talking machine tone is absent, an instrument which Re-Creates all forms of music in a way that actually deceives the most highly trained ear. It is Thomas A. Edison's new invention,

The NEW EDISON

This new invention has no coined trade name. It is known by its inventor's name. It embodies a new art, the culmination of four years' research work by Mr. Edison in chemistry and acoustics, during which time he spent over two million dollars in experiments alone. It is not a talking machine. It does not give a mere mechanical and only approximate reproduction of musical sounds. It actually

Re-Creates Music

Numerous great artists—singers and instrumentalists—have sung and played in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of their work, and the musical critics of more than two hundred of America's principal newspapers, in the columns of their own papers, admit that they cannot distinguish between an artist's voice or instrumental performance and Edison's Re-Creation of it.

Watch your local papers

for the announcement of a merchant in your locality, who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention.

Ask for the booklet
"What the Critics Say."

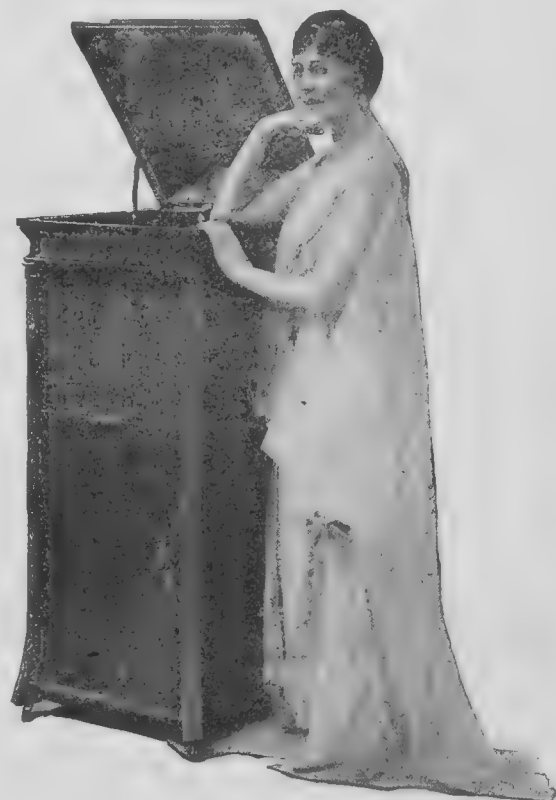
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Anna Case

The Miracle Girl of the Metropolitan, whose bewitchingly beautiful soprano voice was chosen for the first test to determine whether Edison had actually succeeded in achieving his ambition to Re-Create the human voice so perfectly that his Re-Creation could not be distinguished from the original. Since then many other great artists have made similar tests—always with the same successful result.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Anna Case's voice, and then hear her at the Metropolitan or when she is on concert tour.

This photograph shows Miss Case actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.



As a rule, the greater the weight of the child, the greater the stomach capacity. The danger lies in the fact of forgetting when the baby cries, under the delusion that the little one is always hungry when it cries and giving it food to "pacify" it. The probability is that the crying is from distress due to the distention of the stomach. Much more trouble would arise from this state of affairs were it not for the fact that nature has so started the infant's stomach that a surplus of irritating materials is more easily thrown off than is the case with older persons.

Letting a tube represent the digestive tract in the infant, the stomach is about the same as if this tube were simply dilated at the point selected for the stomach. Hence, it requires but slight spasmodic movements to eject material.

A large percentage of baby's troubles are owing to indigestion, an important fact to bear in mind.

A Perfect Physical Condition

Health is our most valuable asset. Without health everyone is seriously handicapped in the race for success and happiness. It matters not what the method may be—providing it is a safe, sane and common sense system, that will help us in attaining and maintaining this priceless "beauty" good health.

Bad health is caused by physical and mental stagnation, debased foods and foul air.

Good health is born of activity of both the brain and body cell, pure, natural, wholesome foodstuffs, sunshine and fresh air.

'Tis easy to choose—but it does require vitality, mental and physical, to dig into it until we develop a perfect mental and physical machine.

A gentle and wonderfully stimulating exercise is illustrated by a little girl athlete. Stand facing the wall with the weight of body balanced upon the balls of both feet. Fill lungs full of fresh air and gently push hands, or forearms against the wall. Relax and repeat ten to fifty times daily.

Mental and physical activity means more life and activity; inactivity means stagnation, weakness, disease and decay.

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when so simple a remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

Delay

By Alice Van Leer Carrick

I thought to do a kindly deed,
Time slipped away too fast,
The deed is still undone, ah, me!
My chance forever past.

I meant to speak a cheering word,
Before that word was said
The idle world walked by, and now
The friend I loved is dead.

When water is drunk with your table rations, it helps to dissolve, to soften, macerate, and to break up the particles, which your indolent teeth bolted. It gathers up the food, washes it, and propels it onward. In solution, the food is more easily absorbed as well as digested.



When you want to save cooking a big meal — serve Pancakes.

When the appetite balks at meat, and fish becomes distasteful — serve Pancakes, — or Griddle Cakes — or Waffles.

But when you seek real nutrition in pancakes, dainty aroma and flavor, palatable richness and easy digestion — *then*, serve FIVE ROSES pancakes and griddle cakes.

Not only does FIVE ROSES flour bring the wonderful food value so plentifully stored in Manitoba's finest wheat but it

TO SERVE A VARIETY OF PANCAKES

The famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book gives 10 tested recipes and full directions. Also over 240 infallible cake recipes, and fully 50 directions and hints on bread-making. So indispensable to good house-keeping that already over 200,000 women couldn't do without it. To get a copy see panel opposite.

Makes Pancakes Delightful and Digestible

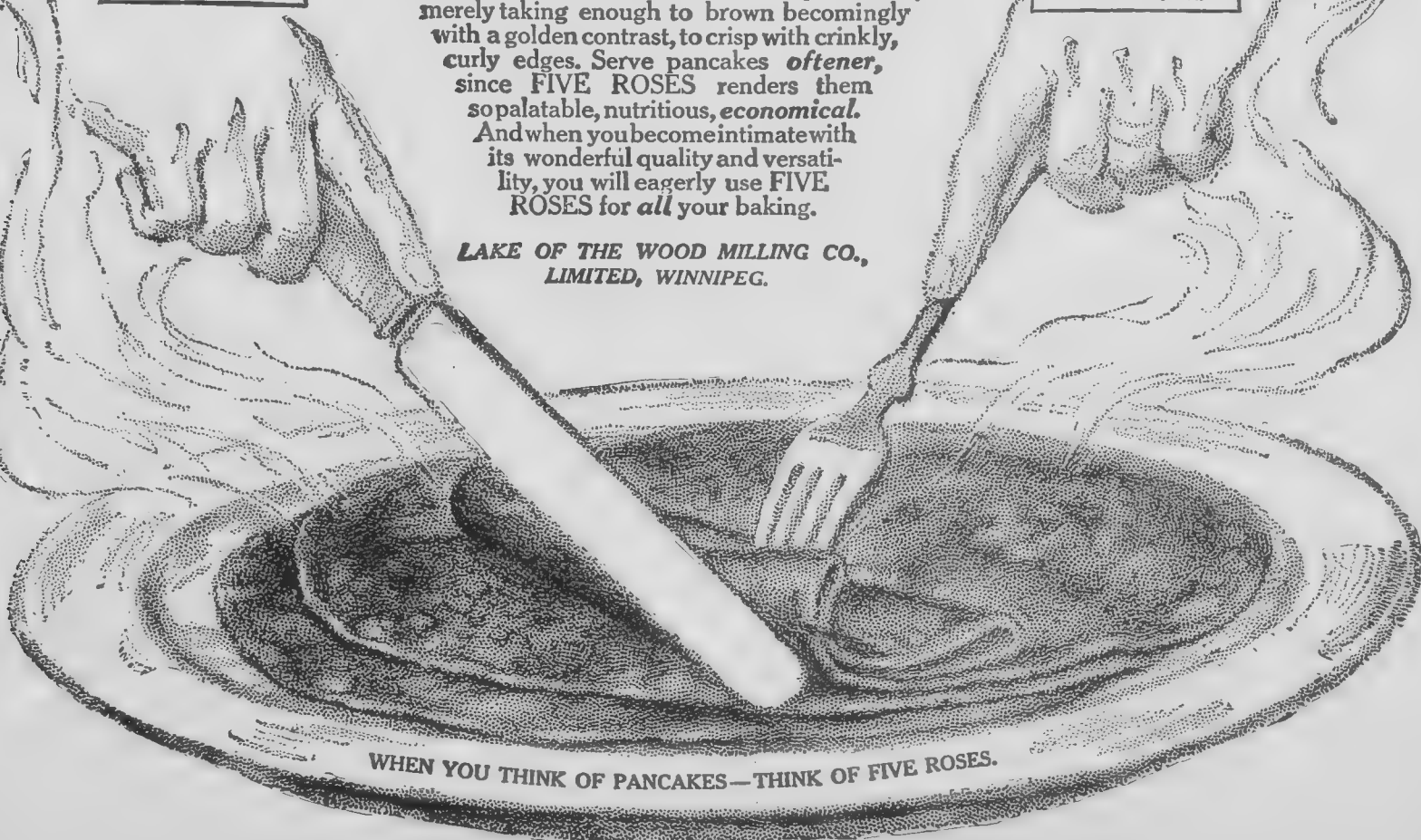
Fried on pan or baked on griddle, no cake can ever disturb the most delicate stomach, *if made from a FIVE ROSES batter.*

Simply because FIVE ROSES is such a sturdy and glutinous flour that it resists the absorption of fat, merely taking enough to brown becomingly with a golden contrast, to crisp with crinkly, curly edges. Serve pancakes *oftener*, since FIVE ROSES renders them so palatable, nutritious, *economical*. And when you become intimate with its wonderful quality and versatility, you will eagerly use FIVE ROSES for *all* your baking.

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TO MAKE GRIDDLE CAKES and WAFFLES

A full chapter on these dainty cakes in the FIVE ROSES Cook Book. Together with notes and details on biscuits, fried cakes, rolls, buns, cookies, biscuits, etc. Do you want a copy of this popular 144-page cooking manual? Then send for the FIVE ROSES Cook Book. Mailed on receipt of 10 two-cent stamps. Address Dept. K.



Fashions and Patterns

A Charming Dress for Party, Dancing and Best Wear—1937—Junior Dress— This model could be attractively developed in blue or pink crepe, crepe de chine or messaline, with a waist of chiffon, mull, net or lace. The overblouse forms a tunic over the skirt. It is cut in deep points in back and front, outlining the waist, which may be full or plain, over the front. The sleeve is nice in wrist or elbow length. The dress may be developed without the tunic and overblouse. It is good for serge, gabardine, poplin and wash materials, nice for taffeta and cloth combined, and would be lovely in satin and chiffon. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the dress and 3 yards for the overblouse, for a 14-year size, in 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Practical Style—1928—Ladies' Skirt— This model is good for serge, gabardine, broadcloth, corduroy, satin, velvet and taffeta. The front is trimmed with jaunty pockets. The skirt is cut with graceful and becoming fullness. The pattern is in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Style—1555—Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in either of two lengths— This model will make an excellent morning dress of percale, gingham, cham-



A Popular Style—1919—Ladies' Shirt-waist— Flannel, madras, lawn, batiste, chambray, taffeta, linen, drill, satin, faille and other seasonable materials may be used for this style. The fronts are trimmed with smart pockets. The collar is deep and cut on sailor lines over the back. This pattern is made in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable and Attractive Dress for School and General Wear. Girl's Dress with Sleeve in either of two lengths, and Collar in either of two outlines—1470— Novelty suiting in brown tones, with facings of tan is here shown. The dress is made with gathered waist and skirt, the waist fronts have a short square yoke, and a pretty collar that may be finished in round outline, or cut deep and with square sailor back. An attachable pocket is joined to the belt. The dress closes at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10

bray, lawn, linen, or drill. It will also develop nicely in serge, crepe, voile, or wool poplin, cashmere and flannelette. The waist is made with a vest and the skirt has a panel to correspond. The "V" neck opening is neat and becoming, and is outlined by a smart collar. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight cuff. In $\frac{3}{4}$ length a turnback cuff forms a neat finish. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Popular Model—1923—Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women— Serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, satin, velvet, velour and corduroy are nice for this style. The fronts are finished with slot plait closing and are cut in "V" neck outline. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. A pat-

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BRASSIERES



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Ask to see D & A Good Shape Brassieres

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COULD NOT SLEEP.

Many women are kept in a state of fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable and are unable to attend to their household, social or business duties, on account of the unnatural action of the heart.

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A Dressy Costume — 1933 — Waist. 1914—Skirt—In broadcloth, serge, velvet, satin or velvet, with or without fur trimming; this design is especially attractive. It shows a plaited overskirt or tunic, and a semi-fitted basque waist, with vest portions and oversleeves. The oversleeves may be omitted. The Waist Pattern 1933 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 9 yards of double width material for a medium size for the entire dress with tunic and oversleeves. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—1915—Ladies' Apron—This model is good for drill, denim,

An Attractive Dress For Many Occasions—1942—Waist. 1943—Skirt — For business or morning wear there is no style more to be recommended than the "tailored" dress. In the model here illustrated we have good lines and new style features. The waist has added yoke facings. The skirt is made with plaits at the side front and a smart pocket trimming. The yoke facings and pocket trimmings may be omitted. The waist pattern, 1942, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It could be made of flannel, madras, taffeta, serge, batiste or satin. Size 36 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. Serge, velvet, satin, taffeta and gabardine are nice for it. To make the entire dress of 44-inch serge will require 6 1/4 yards. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed



sateen, lawn, batiste, cambric, seersucker, gingham and muslin. It is cool and comfortable and its fulness may be confined at the waistline, under the belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Little Dress for Mother's Girl—1927—Girl's Dress with or without Bolero and with Sleeve in either of two Lengths—In batiste, chiffon, crepe, net and other soft fabrics, this model will be very appropriate. The waist is finished in Empire style and the bolero and collar may be omitted. In wrist length the sleeve is finished with a heading. In elbow length, a smart and jaunty cuff forms a neat trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 4-year size, with 3/4 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1628—Ladies' Corset Cover and Drawers—A popular, easily and quickly made corset cover is here shown, which combines nicely with the comfortable and equally simple style of drawers. The models are good for lawn, batiste, all-over embroidery, dimity, crepe and silk. The drawers are cut without fulness at the waistline, and are lengthened by a ruffle that may be of lace or embroidery or of the same material as the body portions. The pattern for these two desirable models is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3 1/2 yards for a medium size, in 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for Dancing, Party or Best Wear—1931—This attractive little style is good for batiste, lawn, crepe, crepe de chine, nun's veiling, challie, messaline or taffeta. The bolero is finished separately. The skirt is full and gathered at the waistline. The sleeve

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may be in wrist or in elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1 yard for the bolero, for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Play Dress—1918—Child's Rompers with Round Collar or Square Neck Outline, and with Long or Short Sleeve—Gingham, chambray, drill, galatea, flannellette and serge are good for this style. The pattern is composed of a waist and bloomers which may be joined to the waist or buttoned on separately. The design is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Negligee—1929—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe—Silk crepe in blue and white, with trimming of blue satin was used for this model. Cotton crepe is equally attractive and pretty, as are also lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss and other lingerie fabrics. For warmth, flannel, flannellette, cashmere, or albatross would be good. The fronts fall in graceful folds below the deep collar. The fullness may be confined by the belt, or shirred to fit an inside band. In soft materials, the shirring would be very pretty. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Mutton

We are told by scientists that mutton is not so nutritious as beef, but is more easily digested. The dyspeptic frequently finds that a nicely broiled tender chop taxes the stomach less than the same amount of broiled steak. Idiosyncracies, however, exist, and many persons cannot eat mutton in any form, although I have always had a feeling that the dislike for mutton is the result of not knowing what kind to purchase. Lean meat from a lean sheep that has been poorly butchered on a damp day, is the most unpleasant meat that one can eat, but lean meat from a Southdown sheep is simply delicious. A leg of mutton weighing less than nine pounds is certainly not "prime." If you purchase the right kind it is one of the most extravagant meats in which you can indulge. While mutton and beef are truly never out of season, the animals are better suited for food during the early months of winter, after that lamb is better than mutton.

Braised Leg of Mutton

Wipe carefully a nice leg of mutton, slice one carrot, a small onion and turnip, put them in the bottom of a braising pan, add a blade of mace, two bay leaves, four whole cloves and a half teaspoonful of celery seed. Place the mutton on top of these, add one quart of water, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Put on the lid of the braising pan and place it in a quick oven to braise, fifteen minutes to every pound of meat. Baste every twenty minutes. When done, dish the mutton and decorate the bone with a quilling of paper. Put two large tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, and stir it over the fire until a dark brown; then add two even tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until this is brown, and add the liquor from the braising pan, which should measure a scant pint. If it does not measure the pint, add water or stock; on the other hand if too much reduce it by boiling. Stir this sauce continually until it boils, add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, salt and pepper to taste. Pour this sauce over and around the mutton. Serve with currant jelly, stuffed tomatoes, potato croquettes and peas.

Sleeplessness.—Sleep is the great restorer and to be deprived of it is vital loss. Whatever may be the cause of it, indigestion, nervous derangement or mental worry, try a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the action of the stomach, where the trouble lies, they will restore normal conditions and healthful sleep will follow. They exert a sedative force upon the nerves and where there is unrest they bring rest.

Irish Stew

Few people realize what a very nice dish this is when well prepared. Cut two necks of mutton into small pieces, put them in a stewing pan, and just cover with boiling water. Bring the whole quickly to a boil; boil rapidly one minute, then push the saucepan on the back part of the range where the contents will gently simmer for three hours. About a half hour before the stew is done, add one tablespoonful of grated onion, four potatoes cut into dice, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper. When done, dish the meat carefully with a skimmer, allowing as much as possible of the sauce to remain in the saucepan, which take from the fire. Beat the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of cream until light, and add them hastily to the sauce, pour this over the meat, and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serve with it stewed tomatoes and browned slices of turnip.

The Invalid's Chop

After a sick person has sufficiently recovered to have solid food, the physician usually orders a broiled chop, and what curious, unpalatable, burned and dried-up morsels are usually brought to you. A person in the very best of health, with a vigorous appetite, would have it immediately satisfied from the first sight without a venture to swallow it. To have it done well, first see that the fire is bright and free from gas, trim the fat neatly from the chop, scraping the bone perfectly clean. Place a small dish over hot water to heat. Put the chop on the broiler, which should be previously heated and greased, put it over the fire. As soon as one side is seared, turn, and continually turn every half minute for five minutes. Place it on the heated dish, and sprinkle lightly with salt. Invalids are rarely allowed melted butter and pepper. Serve at once.

Breaded Chops

Trim the chops and dust them with salt and pepper. Beat an egg without separating, add to it a tablespoonful of warm water. Put a nice quantity of bread crumbs out on the dish, season them nicely with salt and pepper. Dip the chops first in the egg and then in the bread crumbs, and see that they are nicely covered. When all are dipped, put about two or three tablespoonfuls of melted suet and butter mixed into a frying pan, when this is very hot put in the chops, fry three minutes on one side, turn and fry three minutes on the other. Drain on brown paper, and serve with tomato sauce.

Time For Cooking Vegetables

Potatoes, half an hour, unless small, when rather less; cabbage and cauliflower, twenty-five minutes; peas and asparagus, twenty to twenty-five minutes; carrots and turnips, forty-five minutes when young, one hour in winter; onions, medium size, one hour; beets, one hour in summer, one and a half or two hours (if large) in winter; French beans, if slit or sliced slantwise and thin, twenty-five minutes, if only snapped across, forty minutes; broad beans, if very young, half an hour, old, forty to forty-five minutes. All vegetables should be put into fast boiling water, and quickly brought to the boiling point again, not left to steep in hot water before boiling, which toughens them, and destroys color and flavor. This time-table will be found useful if copied and fastened on to the kitchen wall.

Almond Cream Pie

Two eggs, half cup of sugar, a scant pint of sweet milk, one heaping tablespoonful flour, large lump of butter. Mix well the sugar and flour, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten; then the milk and butter; mix thoroughly and boil in double cooker; when it thickens sufficiently take from the fire and let it cool somewhat; then add half teaspoonful almond extract; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with a little powdered sugar and spread over the top. Bake the crust first, add the custard and whites and return to the oven until a delicate brown.

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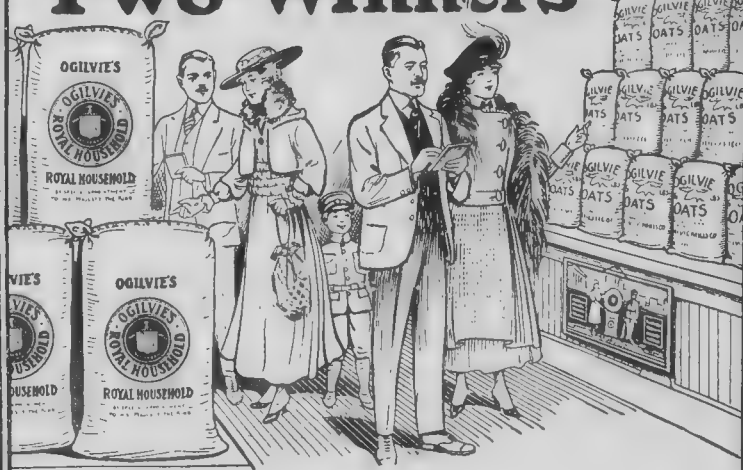
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Young People

What the Red Cow Did

By Dorothea Conyers

TWILIGHT fell softly on a narrow way which wound through high banks to Loch Derk. Thin donkeys and tethered goats tore at the grass bordering the road, munching an inefficient supper. The west was clear amber as the sun went down and the breath of spring was in the soft air. Laborers' cottages—small, cramped, slated places—dotted the sides of the road at not infrequent intervals, with a few old thatched houses among them.

From one of these, tumble-down and picturesque, Mollie Dayly came out, carrying a steaming mess of meat and potatoes. Clucking hens and gobbling ducks surged about her feet, and the

"I was passin' the road, Mollie asthore, an' thought I'd ask ye for a cup of tay."

But the tail of Bid Naylan's eye lingered on the newly-built cottage and Mollie knew the real reason of the visit. She sucked in her lips grimly, irritation stirring in her.

"Oh, sthep in," she said pleasantly, "sthep in, Bid! The kettle's on the hook an' a cake-loaf in the bastible. Ye're welcome kindly."

Mollie bustled in, her weather-beaten and yet comely face working as she went, the hens following her to take up an isolated corner. But the cottage was bright and comfortable. A turf fire glowed golden in the wide, old-fashioned hearth; blue china shone on the dresser;



A New Competitor.

expectant pig grunted heavily. Mollie flung some of the hot stuff on to an old board, and as her feathered tribe snatched and shoved she cast a dark glance at a neat, slated cottage standing exactly opposite.

"Th' assurance of him," she remarked bitterly to the pig. "Opposite me own dour no less, and our ducks shwimmin' together in the pond. An in-an'-out meetin' on the roadside," muttered Mollie, staring at the raw bank bordering the new enclosure. "Day after day 'twill be the same."

"Good evenin', Mollie. God save ye kindly!"

Mollie swung readily to greet the new-comer—Bid Naylan, a withered crone, who retailed the gossip of the country-side and was mischief-maker and match-maker combined—a wrinkled, merry-eyed hag, with a red shawl over her head, and a multitude of miscellaneous petticoats hiding the leanness of her hips.

copper and brass showed the fire's reflection in their polished sides.

A brown tea-pot stood in the ashes, and the tea from it was so black and strong that it wrung a joyful exclamation from Bid Naylan.

"Three-an-six a pound," said Mollie proudly, as she buttered her steaming soda-loaf. "I howlds with no chape tays. An' what's sthirring now, Bid, ma'am?"

There was much stirring, the accounts delivered between noisy sups from a thick saucer and pleasant mumbling of the soft hot bread. The match between Mary Hagan's girl, Honor, and Maggie O'Dea's Jamesey was off, because Mary Hagan could lay down two pounds in dry money, a feather-bed, and a calf, and Jamesey's father refused to part with anything except an old stripper cow.

"So, though I did me besht," said Bid, "and towld Mary the bye was dacent entirely, it's off. Poor Honor bawlin'

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into her shawl, an' Mary away in the pony-car to try to settle up with owld Tim Slattery that's lookin' for a third wife above at Knockeyne, for he thinks the dairy gerrils not too honest. An' then Andy Maher had the priest an' the doother all Thursday, and chated thim all, bein' up agin and about his work." Bid Naylan drank with appreciation. "An' yerself, Mollie? So they settled Tom opposite ye, no less. Will ye shpake to him now—pass the time of day to him?"

Mollie's color rose; she knew what old Bid had come for. Gossips must live. But reserve has no part in an Irish woman's heart and bitterness which she nursed came pouring out.

"Shpake is it! Shpake, Mrs. Naylan, ma'am! The cool assurance of the felly to land himself opposite me very dour, with owld Hannie Magee, that has two feet in the grave, to kape house for him. An' she with a wasthrel son away in Tulloun that I'd say is well kep' now. Niver will I pass one word to Tom Doolan, I tell ye that, while the breath is within me body."

Bid Naylan nodded. She was gathering what she had come for. The story



Raised by a young Western Home Monthly subscriber in the Riding Mountain district.

of Mollie's unabated rancour would earn dinner and tea on the morrow.

Mollie sat silent, peering needlessly into the tea-pot, clattering cups and plates while the red surged sullenly in her cheeks.

Now, twenty years before, Mollie Dayly and Tom Doolan had been promised to each other. It was no made match, but the mutual attraction of milk-girl and young farm-hand, as morn-ing and evening they saw to the herd of cows. Everything was settled and the day fixed, when they quarrelled; Mollie would not move without her old mother, Tom could not be parted from his. There was no room for the two old women in his little cabin, even if there had been the faintest hope of their agreeing, and there was none. Bid Naylan did not come to pour oil upon the troubled waters; there were others fanning the smouldering dispute to flame with the fuel of well intentioned interference. So much so that one soft spring evening Tom and Mollie met by the shores of the lake and parted for ever, Mollie shrilling angry words, Tom, having spent his anger, standing dejectedly.

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In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day Mark H. Jackson, No. 320C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

J. H. M. CARSON

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Mollie, flouncing homewards, took a vow to everyone she met that she would never speak to Tom Doolan again, and she kept it solemnly. The dairy-girl went on her way, despising all offers of courtship, working hard until a legacy from America made her independent. Tom, sulky and silent, chose no other wife, but toiled on at Drumaleen, until the years, slipping past, left youth behind. Then his old cabin had been condemned, and Fate ordained that his new slate house should be straight opposite Mollie's comfortable thatched cottage.

It was this move which had stirred the still pool of quieted gossip, which had made Mollie Dayly confide to the pig, and had brought old Bid Naylan tramping along to see what she could find out.

This was the story, and Mollie, stirred by memory, slammed a fresh pot of tea on to the table and hit her favorite brown hen on the head, its astonished caw failing to move her heart.

"Cool assurance," stormed Mollie, "with the land free an' wide that he must plant himself here! But me tongue's me own. He need niver hope for a word from me."

After this she was silent, so much so that Mrs. Naylan, having made up her mind to tell the country-side that Mollie Dayly was "bitter as a bag of weasels agin poor Tom," rose to go.

She paused in the doorway her artificially-bulked form silhouetted against the clear light in the amber-tinted west. The breath of spring came on the soft wind. The world was still and rapidly fading to a gentle grey. Two coupled goats bleated at the door. Mollie poked her fire needlessly, scarcely heeding the old woman's parting; then, with a sudden flap of shawls, a wave of wrinkled hands, Bid Naylan roused her.

"Mollie," she shrilled, "the Blessed Virgin save us—there's a red cow in ye're haggart atin' yer cabbages, tearin' it up be the roots no less, the schamer." "Murder!"

Mollie hurled herself through the door, the vigor of her passing flinging feeble old Mrs. Naylan on to the goats' backs, when, caught by the chain binding them, she was carried between butting heads, wailing bitterly.

Stick in hand, Mollie flew over the low fence. It was true. A red cow ambled on her garden, chewing and spoiling, and though it fled before her, it would not leave, but dodged her up and down, working havoc as it stamped. Piles of sticky clay clung to Mollie's boots, her breath came short, the storm of her anger rose as she ran across the yielding tillage. Bid Naylan, still carried by the now enraged goats, could render no assistance.

"Thin, if I knew where ye came from." Mollie stopped, breathless.

"Quit chasin' an' I'll have her out in a minnit. I thought the fince would kape her, but she's strange. Quit chasin', woman, I tell ye."

A man jumped over the fence and came quietly, taking the red cow by her neck. Mollie stood open-mouthed, darkly flushed, her eyes ablaze, as the pent wrath of years worked in her. The cow was Tom's. He had dared to break the long silence so easily, to speak to her as if she were some ordinary woman. She panted, torn between her old vow and her desire for pointed speech, and just then old Mrs. Naylan got to her feet, backed from the goats, and came to watch. The cow stood obstinately still.

"Threaten her," said Tom. "Level the gap and threaten her, while I houlds her. I dunno how she got out."

The red in Mollie's cheeks deepened. She breathed harder, and the hard-kept vow was rent.

"I'll have the law of ye, Mither Doolan," she burst out furiously. "Me cabbage roinated!"

"Arrah, threaten her or 'twill be worse!" said Tom meekly. "Sure, I see what she did to ye. Go on, knock the gap, let ye. She'll be away."

It was horrible but imperative. Tom dragged at the cow, and Mollie had to walk behind waving her stick. The fury of her anger bewildered her; she hardly knew what to say. As the cow, once outside the bars, lumbered home, and Tom turned to put them back into place, Mollie broke out again:

"Two pound wouldn't pay," she cried, "for yer blackguardly trespass. Did ye come here to ate me plants? Oh, ye'll see! I'll let ye see."

Tom raised the last bar, scratched his head, and looked at her, but made no answer; then with a weary look and a muttered curse he shambled after his cow, the flood-tide of words rolling at his heels. His once upright figure was bent, his clothes worn and badly patched, his boots were bursting in several places.

Bid Naylan, her eyes alight, clung gasping to the fence. She had much to tell to the neighbors.

"Mollie bawlin' for the life afther the cow," she recounted next day, "and Tom, as aisy as ye plaze, shpakin' up to her, and meself near to be kilt betune the goats. Oh, I till ye, there'll be doin's with them two."

She stayed now to be revived by a glass of whisky, and to pour oil of sympathy upon Mollie's wrath until it blazed high and clear to patient Heaven.

Mollie, with the doggedness of her race, had got hold of one idea and clung to it. The salve of the law, the public witnessing against her old lover, was the only thing she could think of. She slept ill that night and rose uncheered—still rent by bitter anger. Hot sods of turf, cunningly smothered in ashes, were soon blown to glowing redness; the sooty kettle wanted filling, and she went out into a soft clear morning, dew-washed and sweet, with a sun climbing gently from behind the hills, his rays mist-dimmed as yet. A west wind whispered among the budding thorns, and with cool rustling fingers stirred Mollie's grizzled hair. She put her hand quickly to her lined forehead; something in the morning seemed to turn her anger to the choke of tears. Then she filled her can, hung her kettle to boil, and with a grim face took up a spade, going to her garden to smooth the trampled ground and count her head.

Early as she was, someone had been before her. The marks were forked away, and dotted here and there among their sturdier brethren were rows of newly-planted flabby cabbages, replacing every loss. Tom must have worked in the dark.

"The—the—" Mollie paused, looking at the little slated house, no hail of smoke coming from its chimney. "The—"

Then she dashed from plant to plant, plucking furiously, and gathering the young plants into her apron.

"I'll tache him to sind Mollie Dayly his charity!" she cried as she dashed across the road and flung the limp plants down before the door.

A disconsolate face peered from the window; she saw a bare hearth, she heard an old woman's shrill cackle of dismay as she went back to her own house.

Here the fire glowed and the kettle hissed, but opposite it was cold and still. Tom's housekeeper was not an early riser.

"Cold comfort he has," muttered Mollie.

She cut some soda-loaf absently, looking across at the heap of drooping cabbages lying outside Tom's door.

The matter might have rested there, but Fate and the red cow willed otherwise. The taste of the succulent greens had been too much for the red beast. She broke spandels, she bucked over bar and bush, she defied a rope tied from horn to heel, and three times during the following week made her way to Mollie's little garden.

Three times the enemies met and parted—the man silent and sulky, the woman bitterly aggressive. For each day there were witnesses; once Father Hanlon, who counselled conciliation even as the red cow ramped; again Mrs. Rafferty, Mollie's aunt, who stood and listened and gave advice. Sympathetic neighbors, anxious to please both sides, drifted from house to house, telling Mollie what Tom was saying and what old Bid was saying, and how she could not be the hard woman to really summon the man for what he couldn't be after helping.

Left alone, Mollie might have contented herself with bitter words, but good counsel so told upon her that by the time the red cow mooded impotent wrath behind a board across its eyes,

HAD INDIGESTION.

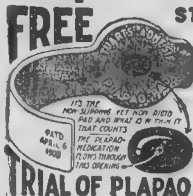
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Mollie was hastening to Derk Police Barracks to ask for advice. The cow's third visit had been that morning.

Her way lay by the lake. It rippled golden grey beneath the spring sunshine; little wavelets drove whispering through the rushes; the catkins hung golden tassels from the hedges; specks of white starred the blackthorns; the may shoots budded tender green. Primroses were a cloud of yellow on the banks, while anemones nestled in the hollows among the stones. Spring speaks, and Man must answer. Mollie's feet dragged on the narrow path, her eyes looked up to the farm buildings at Drumaleen where Tom worked. For thirty years he had toiled there to earn twelve shillings a week.

She stood still; for cows lowed, and she thought of the dewy summer dawns when he had held the kicking heifer for her to milk, and kissed her behind the cow roughly as she finished.

A field away children's voices rose as they played some foolish game. They lived close by Tom's old cabin, where Mollie was to have seen out her life of toil by her man's side, reared her own tow-headed children to play noisily, and suffer blows and kisses. Mollie walked on again, very slowly now, for something tugged at her heart. There was the little walled-in wishing-well, its stone ledges crowded with rags and scraps of broken china and even hairpins—offerings left there before some hope was drunk in with a sip of the cool sweet water.

She had often walked with Tom by the lake, silently as became them when alone, shy and giggling as they met their friends, and they two had wished at the well, leaving a broken blue mug there.

A water-hen drove through the rushes, startling Mollie. It was lonely by the grey waters; her mother had often told her the little people came there at night. Dark-scaled fairies who rose on the lake, and would take straying children down for ever. Tiny green-clad men who danced on the mounds by the castle, and warred with the waterelves; the red-heeled leprechaun too hammered fairies' boots in the fort. People said they heard him still.

Twenty years ago—another April—they were to have been married at the end of the month. She remembered how Kate Hayes, the dressmaker, was working at the blue dress with the white braiding, and how the braid had run short. The blue gown had been worn out for seventeen years; Kate was dead; her daughter fashioned the village orders; and Mollie Dayly was going to the police-barracks to summon Tom Doolan for trespass.

They had parted just beyond the wishing-well. The echo of her own angry young voice seemed to ring back to her. Tom's sulky muttering that he could find another, his own cousin Honor; Mollie's last shrill vow of lifelong silence as she flounced away. She drew a quick breath and hurried on with tightened lips; the lake said too much.

But fat Sergeant Dunne, basking on the wall after a good dinner, was all for peace and arrangement, unfortunately, for opposition determined Mollie in her decision.

"And I to be trampled on," she snorted; "the plants ripped from the ground day after day! An' in he walks quiet an' contained, an', 'Aisy, woman, threaten her,' says he, makin' me a laffin'-shtock afore old Bid Naykan. An' he to trespass himself next day before daylight, putting bad plants in me garding. An' not once, but three times now, that red schamer is in. An' I want the law."

But here the sergeant intimated sharply that if she wanted law she'd better drive to Tulloun and get it; he was no issuer of summonses.

"An' a foolish bitther woman ye are," he said emphatically, "with the poor chap doin' all he can."

Then he went in, leaving Mollie fuming, muttering between her teeth as she went home.

Next morning her donkey-cart carried her to Tulloun, where her summons was duly issued and accepted. For Tom took it apathetically, making no excuse or offer of settlement, though the red cow was mastered now. It was to be—that was all; the woman was bitter against

him. But the lines deepened in his thin face, and he slouched more and more as he came and went to his work.

As Mollie, very noisy and assertive, fed her hens and pigs, she saw him come and go. She noted the ill-patched shoddy clothes, the shambling, old-man's walk. And Tom was only forty-five. Neighbors poured in daily, begging her to see reason in words well chosen to urge her on. How Tom said she was the "bitther old sthick," and how it was no fault of his, an' he'd be shamed for life in the court. Then the red cow, shedding her "pook," strayed again to make Mollie's case surer.

"A fool he is," Mollie would declaim, as she watched the tired man come home. "The fire's out half the days whin he gets in, an' old Hannie away, and the pail left for him to milk his own cow, before he has a sup of milk. An' his pig walkin' the road with her ribs through her shkin, I declare you can see the craythur's jealous whin she do be con-

varsin' with mine. Old Hannie's son is havin' the aisy life."

Mollie knew how often patient Tom went out without a hot breakfast, how he toiled to the village shop to carry home his loaves of baker's bread, how often, too, the old woman borrowed a donkey and was away with a load of suspicious bags and bundles.

For Mollie was always at her door when Tom came by, ready to fling fiery glances at his bent form; he never raised his head to look at her. Muttering to herself as she saw his chimney smokeless, she watched the tired man come out to milk the blinded cow.

She urged her case on with dull bitterness, until it was a certain thing that Tom, who proffered no settlement, would have to appear in court on the 27th of April.

Tom writhed at the thought. His life was a misery to him. Everyone he met had some joke to make, some piece of advice to give.

"The shame on it before the neighbors, an' we promised an' all," groaned Tom to a friend—a friend who immediately slipped across to Mollie, and with well-meant repetition kept the feud alive.

Old Hannie, too, hearing Mollie's comments, had her say. There were little heaps of ashes left in Mollie's yard—unexpected strayings of the fat pig; eggs gone from outdoor nests, and other small things within an old woman's powers.

Spring ran riot over the humping hills above the lake when Fate elected to smile. Bryan Knox, the agent, arrived to inspect houses and improvements, and to interview would-be purchasers of land.

Tom was a favorite of his, and the story came to his ears. With a perplexed grin on his face he cycled down the narrow lane leading past the enemies' cottages, just as Mollie, standing with hands on hips, watched Tom slouch home and enter his cheerless house. Hannie was out.



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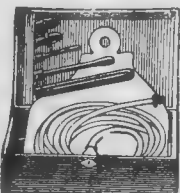
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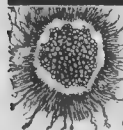
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Knox followed him. The little kitchen was cold and dreary. Piles of ashes lay in the grate; the china on the dresser was dirty, and Tom's tea, laid out on a piece of sacking, meagre and wretched—a jump of orange-hued margarine, half a stale loaf, a tea-pot waiting to be filled. Tom was poking sticks into the grate, while the lean pig grunted outside and the unmilked cow mooed loudly. Bryan Knox walked in, sure of his welcome.

"Go on with the fire, Tom. What's this I hear about a trespass case and Mollie Dayly? You should take the pooker off the cow and put it on the woman."

Having mustered a melancholy grin, Tom plunged into the story, weaving a sorry web of the black shame it would draw upon his head.

"Every man in the parish in court, an' the attorneys makin' jokes—an'—I was fond of the girl onst—if yer Honour could say a word."

Knox stroked his chin thoughtfully as the tale poured on.

"Watches me in an' out—day after day. Bitther as weasels—snortin' she do be as I passin'."

"Does she now?" Knox spoke thoughtfully. "H'm!" He nodded his head as he ruminated. He looked at the comfortable, dirty room, at the pale, spluttering fire. "If Mollie managed the cow there'd be no trespass," said Knox. "If she had stopped caring she wouldn't be spiteful." Bryan Knox knew the ways of womankind. "Tom, settle it by marrying her now."



Horsey.

Tom started to his feet—speech reft from him.

"I'll run across; wait for me."

Knox fled, and though he laughed his eyes were sad.

Mollie was beginning her tea. Her cloth was white, her china shone; she was splitting and buttering some cakes of hot bread, and her turf fire glowed golden red. Bacon hung on the smoky rafters. Mollie was well-to-do.

She rose, proffering tea and a fresh egg.

Knox stroked his chin again, remarking he'd been with Tom.

Mollie burst into ready anger.

If his Honour thought he could settle it, he was entirely mistaken. She'd thrive the man from before her door, so she would.

"He'll find it hard to get a house, and he's comfortless where he is," said Knox gravely. "A bad housekeeper, I'm afraid."

"An' he is not even his own," Mollie rushed into a tale of Hannie's pilferings, of Tom's patience, of his homecomings to a fireless hearth, while the old woman carried plunder for her son. Of how sometimes—for sheer charity—"neighbors'd find the key and reddened the ashes for him," and her old cheeks flamed fiercely, knowing how in wild fear of discovery she had done it herself.

Knox looked up when she had finished, painting the misery of Tom's tea and margarine, stale bread, no warmth to dry dripping clothes.

"He wants a wife," said Bryan Knox gravely. "And he'll never take anyone but you. Come, Mollie, you've waited long enough. Marry him."

"Marry!" Mollie choked as she jumped up. "Marry Tom—that wretched—!" But the words died away. She seemed to see the desolate bent figure going to and fro to work, the ripping patches of his coat, the broken boots—to see the cold, dirty house—the hens which only laid for Hannie's son. "Yer Honour's mad," she said; but she passed her rough hand across her eyes.

"I'll send him over. Tell him you will," and ere she could cry protest Mollie was alone.

"Go over to her, man," said Knox. "It's the one way to settle it," and Knox wheeled away with eyes which still were sad as his lips smiled.

Tom went out on to the road. The day's rain had rolled away; the sweet breath of late April called May to life. He splashed through the puddles clumsily, wondering if he dreamt. Molly, his enemy, stood by her table—staring.

"His Honour said—" Tom stammered and half turned, and one of the coupled goats prodded him with a delicately inquisitive horn.

"His Honour said indeed—"

"Shtay an' take a sup of tay," she half whispered. "Ye're cowl."

Tom ate silently but with evident appreciation. He coughed often and drank with feverish thirst.

"Ye could always make the fine bread," he said, biting at the steaming loaf, speaking as if it was but yesterday he had taken tea with her and her mother. "An'—he cracked the shell—"I never sees an egg."

"The market sees them," said Mollie

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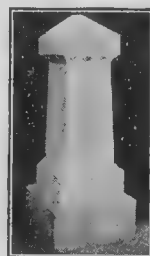
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Correspondence

Everyone Working

Dear Sir—I have often wondered if you ever had a letter of thanks from Ireland. I sent you one last spring, about March, I think, but as I never saw it printed in The Western Home Monthly, I concluded it must have been burned in the fire you had in your office, as I don't think you would be so hard-hearted as to throw it into the waste paper basket. I get The Western Home Monthly sent me from Canada by a friend; and after I have read it I pass it on to others, and it's appreciated by all. I have also sent some copies to Canadian soldiers at the front. Some papers and magazines that I have received from America I can't read at all—not with ease at any rate—the slang is so dreadful. But The Western Home Monthly gives us everything in good simple English.

I was pleased to know that the women in Canada have got a vote. I hope it will be for the betterment of the country. I correspond with some friends in Canada whom I have never seen, and some of their sons are on the fields of France to-day. I have done a great deal of sewing sandbags and knitting comforts for the troops. I attended a class for first aid and nursing during the spring, organized and attended by a lady whose sister some years ago graced the position in your land which the Duchess of Connaught has given up. From the highest to the humblest we are as one, working, hoping and praying for the welfare of our land. There are many sad hearts around here mourning the loss of loved ones, and we are all proud of what our Canadian brothers have done. I live in a little quiet seaside village. We have had awfully stormy weather and rain, rain every day. It isn't called the Emerald Isle for nothing. Now I must draw to a close. Hoping you will get this letter, and wishing you and your readers a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Yours sincerely,
"Ailsa Craig."

Back Again

Dear Editor—Here I am back again to have a chat with the readers. I saw in the paper before last that a couple would like to hear from me. Would they please write first? I promise I will answer. It's coming winter now and there's not so much to do. My sister older than I got married just last week, so I shall be pretty lonesome, but I suppose we all shall do that sometime.

They gave a dance here last Friday and we sure had a good time. I haven't got over the effects of it yet. They forgot floor wax and used corn starch. I would advise anyone not to use that if they don't want a lot of work next day—everyone and everything was grey.

Father bought a team of bronches about a month ago. They are four or five years old and never had a halter on until he bought them. They have been at my brother's place until just lately and now father has a time trying to break them in. They stand up and paw air sometimes, but they get played out and get quietened down before he puts them in.

I got a letter from my brother and cousin in England. My brother didn't pass the examination over there. So they may send him back to Canada. My cousin passed. He is a signaller. I guess he is going to London.

I'd like to hear from any of the readers. I will close and give some one else room.
"Dolly Dimples."

Bachelors! Keep Smiling.

Dear Editor—Although I have been a subscriber to your magazine for many years, this is my first letter. First of all, I must say The Western Home Monthly is a most excellent paper—the very best of its kind I have ever read. Although I am about 6,000 miles from Winnipeg, I always receive your paper regularly and I need scarcely tell you how I look forward to its coming. When I have finished with it I pass it around to many of my friends. I like reading the "Correspondence Column" very much, yet I do not make a rush for it first. I think "The Young Woman

and her Problem," "Woman and the Home" and "Woman's Quiet Hour" are about the first. I also used to look for "The Young Man and his Problem," but of late have failed to see it. I trust it has not been cut out for good. The advice to young men was simply splendid. It also could apply to young women. I could always find something in it to suit myself. After reading the above mentioned I generally turn to the letters. Some are very interesting, some rather amusing, but on the whole they are good. Certainly I enjoy them very much. I notice there is always a lot of talk about bachelors. I admire the one who keeps his shack tidy. My advice to them is to "keep smiling." From reading your valuable paper, I have come

to the conclusion that Canada must be a fine country. I have never yet left the British Isles, but hope some day to visit the "Wild and Woolly West." Well I think I will close now. Hoping to see this in print and wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.
"Irish Colleen."

Twelve Miles a Little Way to Town

Dear Editor—We have taken The Western Home Monthly a number of years, and like it very much. My sister has written a letter to your magazine, but as yet has not seen it in print. We live on a farm twelve miles from town, but when we first came here we were thirty-five miles. Now we think twelve miles a little way. My grandmother had been out here seven years, but has now gone back to England. Sailed from Can-

ada this year, November 7th. We do not know yet whether she has got over safely or not. We had a good crop and have got threshed. We are building a new house. It is looking onto a lake, and a nice bluff surrounds it, so it looks pretty. We only farm a homestead. There are no boys in our family—just three girls. One is married, one stays home and the other one works in Winnipeg in the winter time and comes home in summer for a change. I am twenty-four, and my other sister is eighteen—both single, so if any one cares to write, we will be very pleased to hear from them. My address is with the Editor. Wishing you all every success, I remain
"Snowdrop."

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Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

What the World is Saying

As to the Beginning and the End

Germany made the war, and the Allies will end it.—Manchester Guardian.

A Greater War Would Come

If this greatest of all wars were to end in a draw, it would not long hold its place in history as the greatest of all wars.—London Times.

A Question

An explorer says that the white men have made the Eskimos dishonest. Who made the white man dishonest?—Hamilton Herald.

A Surmise

Judging from the rumblings from Petrograd there must be a Lloyd Georgovitch in the Duma.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Dry Region, Indeed

The new kingdom of Arabia takes its place among the nations. Another dry state!—Boston Transcript.

A Vain Endeavor

The Kaiser is now endeavoring to prop up the Hohenzollern throne with Poles.—Vancouver Sun.

Ditto in Regard to Canadian Legislators

Unfortunately, the public has no way to compel United States Senators to work eight hours a day.—New York Herald.

Manifestly

Every year it is becoming easier for the liquor interests to compile their business statistics.—Des Moines Register.

The First Woman in the House at Washington

Let us hope that in Congress the female of the species will be more effective than the male.—Atlanta Journal.

A Joke from Athabasca

A coyote was captured on Whyte Avenue—Edmonton Bulletin. Probably a subdivision agent venturing out again.—Athabasca (Alta.) Herald.

Alberta as a Duck Country

There are more ducks in China than in any other country. Tame ones, perhaps. For wild ones, our guess would be Alberta in the fall of the year.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Weird German Mind

What puzzles Germany is why her peace feelers produce the very same effect on the Allies as her very best organized Zeppelin raids.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The German Meaning of the Word

Germany is eager to give to Poland and Belgium the same sort of "independence" she gave to Alsace and Lorraine.—New York Tribune.

For Western Development

Land will be sold by the C.P.R. on condition of settlement and occupation. No institution can better appreciate the evil of idle holding.—Regina Leader.

Something Germany Cannot See

Germany ought to see the inconsistency of offering the Poles a kingdom and subjecting the Belgians to slavery. The rest of the world sees it.—Calgary Herald.

Ample Ground for "Prejudice"

Berlin complains of Norwegian "prejudice" against U-boats. The Kaiser himself would be shy of a dog that had bitten him some 200 times.—Chicago Tribune.

He Wants Peace with Plunder

Germany is willing to make peace. Likewise the highwayman with his booty in his pocket is quite willing to let matters rest as they are.—London Daily Mail.

A House Divided

It does seem that the Umatilla, Ore., woman who went out on the hustings and defeated her husband for Mayor might have let him have his say somewhere.—Spokane Spokeman-Review.

A Chemist's Conclusion

A chemist who has looked into the matter says that drinking this mixture of coffin varnish and shellac masquerading in dry territory as liquor, will weaken one mentally. All we know about it is, an acquaintance yesterday hurried three heaping teaspoonfuls into his true inwardness, and shortly thereafter paid a travelling auctioneer \$19 for an ostensible gold watch.—Fargo Forum.

Speaking of Small Nations

Speaking of the rights of small nations—American troops have just occupied San Domingo, killed quite a lot of people and set up a military government there.—Montreal Gazette.

An Eagle in Dove's Feathers

The wolf in sheep's clothing may have succeeded in fooling other sheep, but who does the German eagle, masquerading as a dove, expect to deceive?—New York World.

A Baseballer Bomber

"Bill" O'Hara, formerly of the Toronto baseball team, has been decorated on the Western front for his bomb throwing. It is said that Bill's long throws from left field cut off more than sixty Boches at the plate.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Casualties Among Hunters

Fifteen States have a hunting season record for 1916 of eighty-six killed and forty-one injured. It will soon be necessary to impose examination tests on applicants for hunting licenses.—Duluth Herald.

A Simple-minded Proposition

Champ Clark's idea that a country can keep out of war by attending to its own business would cause a Belgian to smile sadly and mockingly. So far as nations are concerned it does not take two to make a quarrel—only one.—Detroit Free Press.

BRITAIN'S NEW PREMIER



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Kultur's Idea of Freedom

The U-boats seem bent on assuring the American merchant marine, along with the Norwegian, Swedish and Dutch merchant marines, the freedom of the bottom of the seas.—New York Sun.

The Question That Will Not Down

"Inasmuch as hundreds of thousands are being ruined in Belgium" begins the latest German explanation of the slave raids. And Germany cannot understand why the rest of the world asks "who ruined them?"—Toronto Globe.

Extraordinary Ingenuousness

"All neutrals and many people among the belligerents desire, like President Wilson, to know more clearly the causes and aims of this bloody conflict," says Ambassador Van Dyke. But where have all these ingenuous people been during the last two years?—Providence Journal.

A Paris Editor's Proposal

"Let the Ministers themselves be chosen few in number, but invested with full powers, and let them know that they answer with their lives for the public welfare," writes the editor of the Paris Midi. Take it literally and there would be less competition for public office, but isn't there much commonsense in it?—Glasgow Herald.

As to the Courage of Women

All who think women will bring a needed element of courage into public life will find an argument in the rioting of German women against coercion their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons would endure without a murmur.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A Book Worth Reading

The Bible is really the best book that we have, more interesting than the most interesting novel, more perfect in its form than any literary monument, more beautiful than words, more genuinely inspiring than anything else in the world. It is the fountain-head of our English speech. In it lies our chief hope of preserving that speech.—New York Life.

Dropping Bombs on Beersheba

From Dan to Beersheba, in Bible times, was many days' journey; there, at the southern end of the Palestinian world, Abraham "wandered in the wilderness." Nowadays "enemy airplanes drop bombs on Beersheba, without doing any damage." Nothing is hidden, nowhere is remote. Enmity seeks out the Old World's ends. War knows no wilderness save those it makes.—Saskatoon Star.

Plans for Russian Railway Building

Plans have been approved in Petrograd which provide for the construction of 25,000 miles of railway and an ambitious system of canals. The work is intended to be finished in five years, and the new systems will tap regions rich in natural resources. Russia is deeply occupied with the war, in which she is playing a great part, but she evidently also has the time and energy to deal with other quite important matters.—Monetary Times.

Part of the German "State-system"

All machinery and every tool in Germany is to be listed by census, and used in munitions work. Still, we sometimes think that all this censusing and book-keeping carried to the extreme in Germany is in part a scheme to keep a lot of old codgers so busy at home helping to win the war that they will have no time to gather in groups, count the cost, discuss whether they are drifting, and plan revolution. Taking a hint from the devil, the Kaiser provides work for all idle hands to do.—Peterboro Examiner.

To Conserve Western Timber

The Department of the Interior has ordered that henceforth settlers locating in the timbered parts of Western Canada must secure burning permits before starting fires to clear their lands. Forest rangers and other officials are to issue these permits, and to give advice as to when and how to do the burning. A somewhat similar law has been in force in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and has, it is believed, prevented much destruction. The experience should be the same in the West.—Montreal Daily Mail.

Americans at the Front

So many American youths have slipped away into Canada and joined for service in Europe, that the State Department at Washington has found it expedient to establish a special division to deal with the hundreds of communications from parents and other relatives. The adventurers are quite frequently little more than boys who manage to enlist by making false statements as to their age. As it is often impossible to distinguish them from native Canadians, their enlistment naturally follows their presentation before the recruiting officer. More than 2,000 United States subjects have already died in battle, it is estimated, and, of course, many more have been wounded.—Ottawa Citizen.

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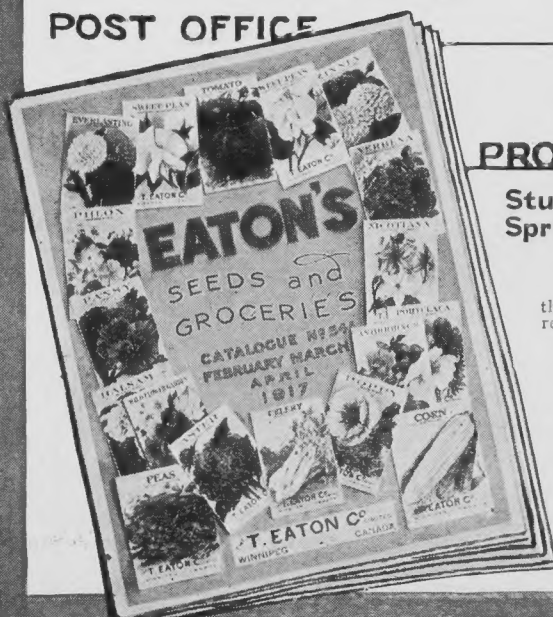
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